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BY ALBION  
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Leading Feature:

"ONCE THERE  
WAS A MAN." By  
R. H. Newell (Orpheus  
C. Kerr). Illustrated.



OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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# THE CONTINENT

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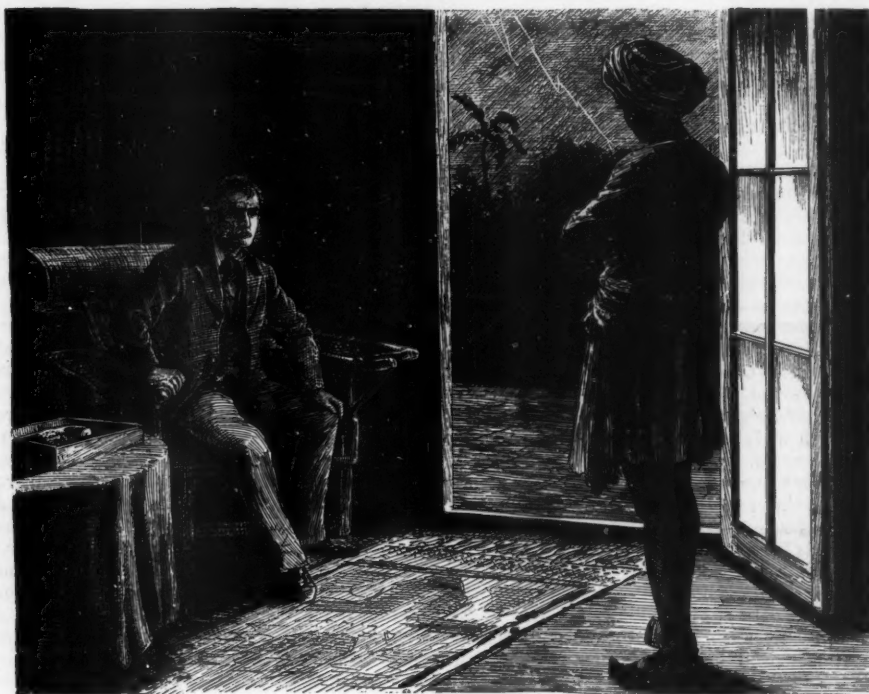
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1883.

Whole No. 93.

[*Begun in No. 90.*]

## ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R H NEWELL. (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)



"TUAN BESAR IS NOT ALONE."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### LETTING BYGONES BE BYGONES.

WHEN Mr. Effingham married into the Dornton family, and thus became duly entitled to a share in its closer confidences, his imperious mother-in-law, to the strength of whose maternal government his success in wooing was even more attributable than he had ever suspected, explained to him why her younger daughter, Caroline, was a yet sadder recluse than the grave young widow whom he had gained as a wife. Such detached facts of the case as had already come to his knowledge in general society pointed to nothing more unusual than a summarily checked little flirtation between an inexperienced girl and an unsuitable foreigner.

Mrs. Dornton named and described the alien enemy to him as an English army officer of insignificant rank and no means, who, after a designing courtship of only

two or three weeks, surreptitiously prosecuted while the mere child was visiting family relations in New York, persuaded Caroline into a clandestine marriage. Fortunately, his egregious young dupe was recovered by her parents before this fortune-hunting Lieutenant William Daryl could actually claim her as his property, and not long thereafter the whole humiliating problem had been retributively solved by the drowning of the Lieutenant—as newspapers reported—from a steamboat in New York Bay.

To this grim recounting the lady added no comment upon her daughter's prolonged melancholy, Mrs. Effingham volunteered no information, and even after Caroline's death no farther admittance to the piteous romance was vouchsafed to Mr. Effingham. When, after nearly twenty years' interval, he saw the stern and grizzled Colonel at the English Rajah's house, the name found so vague an association in his mind at first

that only when his lately eccentric guest met Mrs. Effingham so discomposedly did the truth of the identity flash upon him. Then a moment's indignation gave way to generous commiseration, for he could perceive the suffering behind the man's confused surprise of manner.

"And so he is really the same William Daryl, and took you for Caroline?" he said, after listening to his wife's prompt repetition to him of the short conversation on the veranda. "You were wonderfully self-possessed, Julia. Until the truth of the matter occurred to me, I was growing seriously offended at his equivocal bearing. I think your mother must have been mistaken in her judgment of the man. Did you recognize him first by his name, or how?"

"By the name," replied Mrs. Effingham gravely. "When his nephew mentioned it in the story he told us, I was struck by the coincidence. I can't say, though, that I realized the actual identity—how could I, when we thought him surely drowned?—until he said, in such a tone, that we had met before."

"And you had never seen him?"

"No. I was married and away before he came to Dornton Manor."

"Well, the poor fellow has certainly been an ideal lover," was the husband's comment, with a sympathetic sigh. "Poor Caroline!"

"Ah, my poor sister!" echoed the wife. And, after a pause, she added, looking up from her dressing-table: "My heart ached for him, Richard, when I saw, in his mistaking me for her—our voices were much alike, you remember—that he had not gotten over his love of so long ago. I was glad when he gave me the opportunity to speak to him about Caroline. Did Mr. Brooke notice our absence?"

"Not that I could observe. But from what he said before that, my dear, it is plain enough that he is familiar with the story. Upon my word, it is a very curious chance that brings us upon such a resurrection of the old family skeleton in this out-of-the-way corner of the world! Really," said Mr. Effingham, clasping his hands over his head with an air of perplexity, as he sat in his easy-chair, "this finding young Belmore and the Colonel, and even the Rajah, all linked to us, in a way, by such a delicate subject, may make our social situation here by no means easy to manage without some tact. And it seems that this ill-mannered Doctor Hedland, too, is in the secret."

"Mr. Belmore is not," observed Mrs. Effingham thoughtfully.

"But soon will be, you may depend," rejoined her husband. "He is to be here presently from Singapore, you know, as the squadron goes up to Bruni; and, after what has happened to-night, his uncle is likely to tell him who his new American friends are. It will be necessary, to prevent awkwardness, if his acquaintance is to continue. And there is Abretta, too."

"I asked Sadie, before they went to their rooms just now, to tell Abretta the story as discreetly as she could. Sadie knows it all, from my mother and from myself, though she never knew Caroline. Of course it is necessary now for Abretta to be informed, after what she had seen and heard already to-night." The speaker gazed abstractedly for a moment or two at the wedding-ring she wore, and then, looking up again with a faint smile: "It is too bad, Richard, that you and our daughter could not have been spared this old Dornton trouble."

To which her husband replied, with affectionate emphasis:

"Neither Abretta nor I would thank any one for ex-

empting us from anything in the remotest degree affecting you, my dear."

The influence of this retrospective episode was seen in no immediate effect upon the family life beyond some natural conversational recurrence to it at the next morning's breakfast-table. Abretta's general tenor of reference thereto, on that occasion, proved that Miss Ankeroo had judiciously limited her explanation of Colonel Daryl's past association with the Dorntons to the simple revelation that he had been, in his youth, an avowed admirer of that fair Aunt Caroline whose very existence was scarcely more than a dim tradition to her niece's mind. Taken in connection with the kinship of this gentleman to their friend, the naval Lieutenant, and his concern in the romantic search after poor, mad old Ruadh and the long-missing Will, any such revelation was calculated to quicken a girlish imagination; yet, after a due interval of wonder, Miss Effingham exhibited a more abiding interest in the Rajah of Sarawak.

"Did you notice, Papa, that Mr. Brooke held his handkerchief in hand the whole time he was here?" she asked.

"I observed the same peculiarity in him at his own house," said her father, "and could not help mentioning it privately to his English agent, Mr. Wise, whom I met there. He was good enough to tell me that the Rajah has contracted the habit from originally adopting the form, out of policy, as a traditional usage of all high officials in Mahometan countries. To Eastern minds it is an inseparable sign of sovereignty."

"That is interesting," observed Miss Ankeroo. "Indeed, he is the most interesting English character I have yet seen. Cousin Julia," she went on, turning her plump countenance and tutorial spectacles to Mrs. Effingham, "you and Abretta haven't shown much faith in my missionary idea; but what do you suppose this hero of yours said to me about it, while you and that glum old Colonel were having your private chat? He declared that he had long wished for American missionaries here, because they always deal more sensibly than either English, or Germans, with the people of a country like this. They don't begin by abusing Mohammed," he said, "but show some respect for honesty even in a mistaken faith. And he was really delighted to hear that I know something of medicine. That branch of knowledge," he says, "is simply invaluable as an aid to the spiritual influence of missionaries in Eastern lands."

"Though, as I told him, you hadn't the presence of mind to think of it when Cherubino got that fall, and you allowed Peter to go after Doctor Hedland," remarked Mr. Effingham, in smiling skepticism.

"Yes, and it was too bad in you, Cousin Richard. But where is Bino now?" she interjected, abruptly, with a hurried look around the table, and from thence to a window through which suggestive sounds were coming. "He was here a minute ago. Why, I do believe—!" (going precipitately to the window in question) "Yes! there he's got two of the chickens fighting on that gravel bed which Peter smoothed out for me so nicely in front of my school-house!"

In the grieved parental and sisterly silence following the irritated lady's immediate headlong flight in the direction indicated, all ears, including those of Berner, the attendant Swiss major-domo, heard a piping little voice presently exclaiming:

"Oh, didn't the red-and-black one whip him like sixty, though!"

Two or three days passed on without further notable

incident in the principally exotic household. With Berner, the staid and elderly, established as butler (now that Peter had gone back to "The Grove"), and interpreted to his Oriental subordinates by Cousin Sadie; Ambrose, the equally veteran negro familiar, as amateur gardener, boat-keeper and messenger; and the whole domestic system working with comparative smoothness; Mr. Effingham was at liberty to mature his preparations for a trip to the Simunjon coal region, in company with the Rajah's chief Aide and interpreter, Mr. Williamson, and the ladies had leisure for needlework, sketching and missionary developments. It remained a piquant novelty, for all, to be thus indigenously housed together immediately over the Equator; the customary blending quaintly with the strangest of adjacencies indoors, and the half-fearful charm of being upon the veriest edge of a great Unknown Land pervading everything outside. The grassy interval between the broad front of the palm-roofed mansion and the palisade, had by this time been turned into something like a miniature botanical garden; retaining Nypas, ferns and several wild durions to shade the flowers during the hottest hours, though the temperature of summer-noon was never so high as 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and the nights were refreshingly cool. Behind the house, what available space was not required for live-stock, had assumed the regularity of a Chinese vegetable preserve. The ladies, with sampler, or pencil, or book, found a placid luxury of sight and mind in sitting long hours within view of half-civilized river, or massively retreating mountain, or pathless forest primeval; and the husband and father was not without enjoyable mental zest for the philosophical reverie coming so easily with a cigar in such suggestive scenes.

Notwithstanding all this, however, when the third afternoon after the evening call brought company by boat again, no one regretted the variety. At mid-day an English brig had come up the river from the sea, saluting the Rajah's flag, and it was only five hours later when no less than three gentlemen were filing within the palisade. The foremost of these, and conspicuously the most elastic in general movement, was no sooner inside of the inclosure than he at once started upon a run for the durion tree, up which, by alternate elevation of hands and knees, he went climbing with extreme velocity. From a height of perhaps six feet he came down as swiftly, and then looked for splinters in his palms with glowing vivacity.

"I tell you, gents, it feels first-rate to take a square breather on dry land after so many days' sailing!" he puffed, removing his pith helmet for a fan.

"It is to be hoped we have no observers, Mr. Dodge," remarked his older companion, without much relish; and the younger one laughed.

They were the host of "The Straits" and Lieutenant Belmore, arriving from Singapore; with Colonel Daryl to bear them company; and the party were presently proffered welcome by their friends in the house.

First greetings being over, and hot tea served all around, according to the custom of the country, the Colonel, whose whole genial manner was strongly in contrast with that of a previous occasion, entered into a deprecating apology for the informality of his own coming.

"My nephew," said he, "would have me come with him, if only to help excuse his headlong haste to see you in your Borneon quarters. Mr. Dodge was also good enough to abet him. I do not see, however," with a smile, "why an old soldier should stand on

punctilio in a case like this. My friend, Mr. Brooke, has virtually waived the stricter conventionalities for all of us."

"And you will be good enough to think no more of them, my dear Colonel," said Mr. Effingham.

"Thank you: I shall forget them with great pleasure." Then, motioning slightly toward his nephew, who was chatting over his teacup with Abretta and Miss Ankeroo: "Although Edwin has been here only a few hours, I have already found time to tell him, Mrs. Effingham, that I have certain recollections of your family in America. My descent from an American grandmother, who was known to your mother, is also a kind of friendly tie to which neither of us can be indifferent."

All this was said in a tone of the most unreserved cordiality, yet both Mr. and Mrs. Effingham could find only conventional terms for their immediate responses. The former murmured something about "reciprocal sentiments," and the latter, with an anxious look in her soft dark eyes, merely bowed.

"I have always remarked," ventured Mr. Dodge, to whom the whole matter was, of course, a sealed book, "that a 'friendly tie' of any sort between elders is very apt to be tied by the youngsters in the form of a beau." And he wagged his head in the direction of the absorbed young Lieutenant. It was a timely diversion, at least, even if somewhat coldly received, and afforded Mr. Effingham a pretext for presently drawing the presumptuous athlete into abstract discourse, and then moving away with him on excuse of business exigencies.

Fully understanding her husband's intention to intrust to her the particular entertainment of a guest whose moods and sensibilities she would probably have the truest intuitive instinct to meet considerately, Mrs. Effingham promptly availed herself of their temporary isolation to forego all farther aspect of indecision. Belmore, Abretta and Cousin Sadie were apart from them the width of the room, and the two men of business paced the veranda.

"I cannot tell you, Colonel Daryl," she began, in a subdued but firm voice, "how much it gratifies my feelings to find you adopting this tone with us, for I give you credit"—looking more intently at him—"for sincerity."

"That you may safely do, madame," he replied, inclining his head at the compliment. "My chief purpose in coming here this afternoon is to beg that you will pardon my abruptness of manner at our first interview. Not that I doubted for a moment the forgiving impulse you must have felt as a woman," he added quickly, "but if you could excuse a man for momentarily showing his harsher nature under a harrowing reminder for which he had not been in the least prepared, I cannot so gracefully excuse myself for not realizing that to you personally I owed nothing but gratitude."

"If we are to be friends at all, you must not talk in that vein," said Mrs. Effingham, flushing. "We are both too old for false sentiment; and you would not have occasion for this conversation, sir, if I had not felt, when I knew whom you were, that, from my family, a heavy debt of reparation was due—must ever be due—to you."

"Such frankness of confession leaves me no longer a creditor," he began, formally and coldly. But again he melted, as he continued: "I am really in no mood, myself, Mrs. Effingham, for high-flown talk. Will you not tell me more about Caroline? Your voice so reminds me of hers that I forget my gray hairs in hearing



it! Why was it possible for her to be persuaded to reject me as she did? I mean so *bitterly*. Her own words were, that she regretted our union bitterly!"

"A mother's authority over both of us was what we dared not to oppose," was the sorrowfully-spoken answer.

"Perhaps I expected too much of one so young," the Colonel went on, with a long breath; "yet she was my wife. The woman soul should have grown enough, even within her girlish years, to have spared me the crowning indignity of being literally spurned!"

"She could scarcely have known what she said, Colonel Daryl."

"If her affection had been what I had confidently assumed it to be in seeking that last, miserable interview, a something in the gentlest human nature superior to all repression, would have made it instinctively impossible for her to use the contemptuous words she did. They were what gave to my wound a shame—a Shame, madame!—that I feel ignominiously to this very hour." His compressed lips and lowering brows were more expressive than his language.

Unconsciously clasping her hands in her lap, the sister of Caroline Dornnton despairingly realized that, in the keeping of this old love alive so long, there was a feeling more obdurate to reparation than any ordinary sense of personal injury. Merely the having been deprived of one existing for him in name, alone, as a bride, would not have left so sinister a trail across the whole life of a man like this.

"You forget," she said, "what I assured you of the other evening—that Caroline's love was worthy of your own, in spite of those last appearances. Colonel Daryl, I loved my sister very dearly, and, until my own first, early marriage, we were inseparable. Our mother's severe rule kept us the closer together. I knew her every thought and feeling, as she did mine, and can say, of my own knowledge, that, in believing you dead, her own death-blow came from the conviction that you must have died without faith in her worthiness. From the day when our mother, deeming it wise, however harsh, handed her a newspaper reporting you as drowned, she sank into a lifeless dejection, to be ended by death only. She died of a broken heart. And what is more, Colonel Daryl, if we had known you to be alive, Caroline would have given up her own existence sooner than consented to any interference of the law. After all this can you not wholly forgive her?—forgive the poor, loving girl, so early lost, who died your wife?"

An ordinarily sympathetic listener might have been deeply moved by the pathos of this sisterly retrospect and last appeal. The Colonel's whole face quivered at the climax.

"I have nothing, nothing, to forgive—except that she did not live!"

"And try, also, to think not too hardly of our mother. I am sure she would have acted the same if any one had sought to marry my sister just then. Under all her austerity of demeanor was an idolatrous love for Caroline. The circumstances compelled her to assign commonplace reasons for her conduct; but it was a frenzied unwillingness to have the object of her secret worship taken from her home by any one, in any manner, that inspired her harshness to you both. Caroline's death hastened her own."

"I mean anything but vain compliment, Mrs. Effingham," answered Daryl, with feeling, "when I say that your pleading moves me almost to doubt that I, myself, am not the one who, alone, should have sought pardon.

I will be frank with you, madame, in adding, however, that, under all the cooler and maturing judgment of twenty later years, I have not been able to see that I committed any serious wrong in my marriage. I was as innocent of any disingenuousness, or sordid calculation, in it, as your sister herself. From our meeting at the party in New York and my first call at Mrs. Von Gilder's, the association drifted naturally, of itself, into a passion we were both too young and inexperienced to recognize. It was that, of course, which influenced us to our union; but neither of us realized what was really our subtly irresistible impulsion. For my own part, when Caroline began talking of a return to Dornnton Manor, I was at once aghast with misgivings of ever even seeing her again. I had been there, you may have heard—that is, in Dornnton, where my grandmother belonged—and dreaded that Mrs. Dornnton would show little favor to a poor young foreign Lieutenant on furlough. I said as much, in my perturbation, to Caroline; and she, in her childlike way, at once fell into the same fear. Then, while we were walking together one afternoon, disconsolate as two children about to be ordered to different schools, it came all at once into my head to suggest that we should go straightway to the nearest parsonage and be married; merely go through the form, as a security against 'eternal separation' in case things should come to the worst. Upon my honor, madame, as a gentleman, no dream of such a resort had ever been in either of our minds before the hour in which we carried it into effect! And from that have come Caroline's death and the desolating perversion of my whole life!"

The rehearsal, begun with evidences of repressed emotion, seemed to make the speaker firmer again, as it went on, until, at the last sentence, he wore the same aspect of passionate sternness as during an earlier conversation. Mrs. Effingham noted the revulsion, and the old, patiently enduring look returned to her own eyes.

"To be no worse than unwise," she said, with her usual pensive gentleness, "is sometimes to suffer more than for a crime, in this world. I think, sir, we have now said all on this unhappy subject that need be recalled between us—when I ask you to pardon the share I had, myself, in somewhat misjudging you, before my sister could confide to me the substance of what you now repeat."

A kinder light came into the dark blue eyes of Daryl, and his tone was as kind:

"You are my sister-in-law."

She appreciated the implied friendly compact of the sententious recognition, and inclined her handsome head in tacit acquiescence.

"We shall all be friends, here," he added, as both assumed the releasing air of a conference ended. "I have told my nephew that a sister of yours made a lasting impression upon my feelings when Doctor Hedland and I were on a trip together, in the United States, in our youth; and that she died before we could meet again."

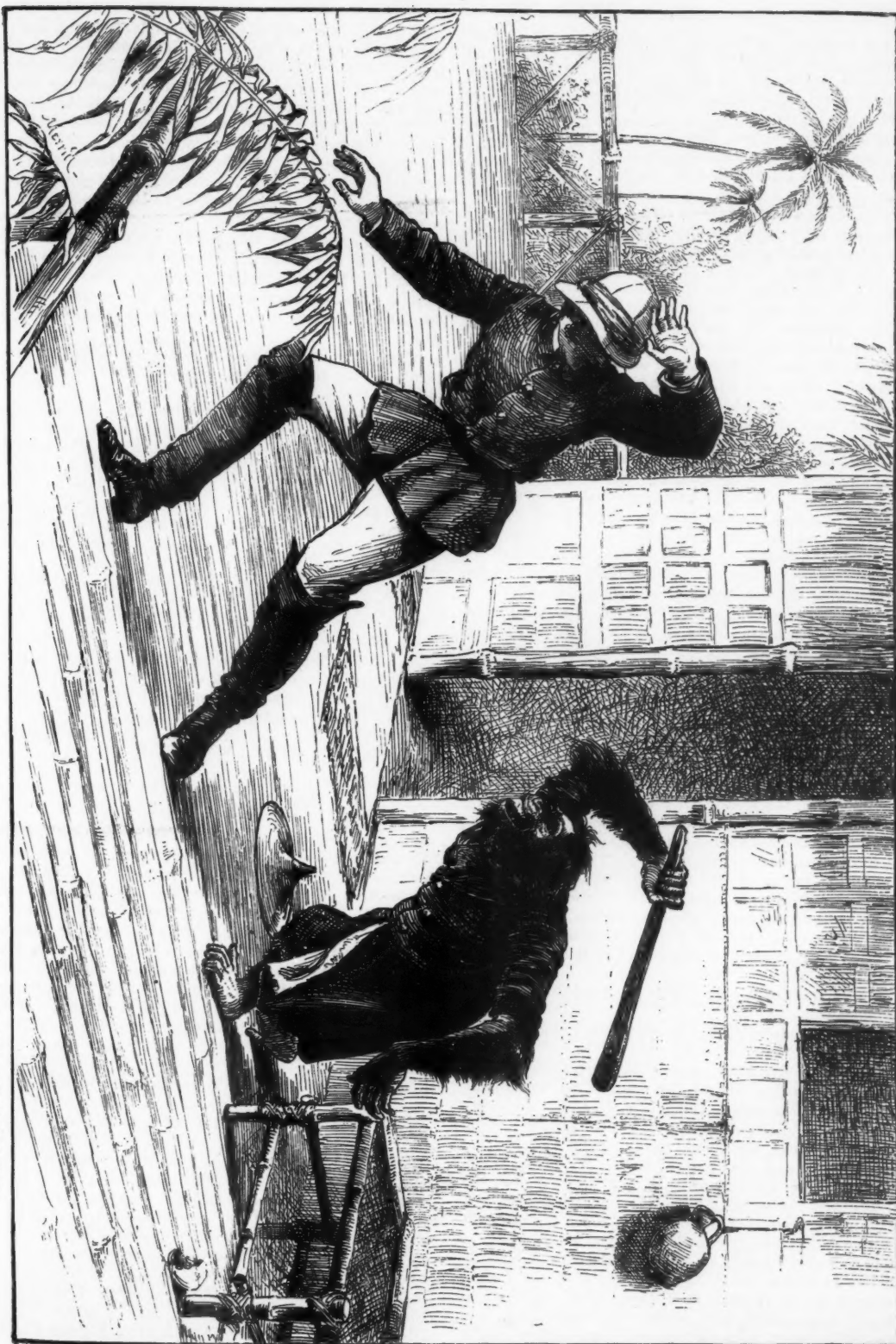
By this time Mr. Effingham and his Singapore correspondent were returned from their peripatetic debate of less sentimental interests, and, as they were passing, Mr. Dodge caught the Doctor's name.

"You're mentioning Hedland, Colonel," he remarked, coming to a halt and speaking briskly. "Of course you know about that educated monkey of his?"

Colonel Daryl tersely acknowledged that he was not uninformed upon that matter of East Indian notoriety.



"O-SHON-SEE! O-SHON-SEE!" CROAKED THE INFURIATED CREATURE, RAINING BLOWS WITH IRRESISTIBLE RAPIDITY UPON THE RETREATING MAN.



"I inquire," proceeded the irrepressible zoological agent, "because I must have that celebrated Mias, and thought you might be able to give me some friendly points about the Doctor. The Lieutenant tells me you are great friends."

"My advice to you, Mr. Dodge, would be that you should not hope for such a thing as you mention. The Doctor is not a dealer in wild animals," responded the Colonel, rising.

"Is this such a wonderful Mias, then, that we hear so much of?" came unexpectedly from Miss Ankeroo, who had quietly joined the group.

"Next thing to talks, I'm assured," was the animated assent, "and does many things like a Christian. Particularly, gets into a boiling rage when any one opposes him," concluded Mr. Dodge, apparently quite innocent of any intentional sarcasm.

"Dr. Hedland appears to me to be curious in temper, himself," remarked Mr. Effingham.

Mrs. Effingham had crossed the room to where her daughter and the young sailor were yet conversing, and the Colonel gave his attention chiefly thitherward.

"Oh, no; there you're quite mistaken, sir," corrected the amateur of orang-outans; "quite, I assure you. He was at Singapore for a few days before he went to Bruni to interpret for the Sultan and the 'Constitution,' and I approached him with a view to negotiations on behalf of Mr. Barnum. 'What do you want?' said he. 'That monkey, on your own terms, to send to the States with two tigers and a bird of paradise,' said I. It is unnecessary for me to repeat to you, gentlemen and lady, the exact terms of his genial rejoinder, but they amounted to a high tribute to my native land for its prolific yield of bashful timidity of character. 'See here, Doctor,' said I, 'just think over this thing, and I'll come up some time and see you about it on the Sarawak.' And I expect, Mr. Effingham, to give him a call when you and I are on our way back from Simunjon. Take my word for it, sir," concluded Mr. Dodge, confidently, "Hedland can be one of the most agreeable old fellows in the world, when he doesn't want to."

The merchant took this final antithesis rather grimly; but Miss Ankeroo felt enough of a naturalist's interest in the subject to question further.

"Is the owner of this accomplished Mias really a physician—that he is called Doctor?" she asked.

"Used to be of that profession, ma'am, I've heard," was the reply. "Indeed, you see"—with an air of reflective after-thought—"this island of Borneo ought to be a great harvest of fever patients."

"You don't tell me! Why?" cried the lady, in some alarm.

"So much Malay-ria on the coast, don't you observe? and so much Mias-ma inland."

Then Mr. Effingham somewhat peremptorily went over to the other side of the room, with the equally startled English soldier; and, while Mr. Dodge sauntered thoughtfully to a window, Miss Ankeroo, gazing blankly after him where she stood, mechanically removed her spectacles to give the greater freedom of dilating astonishment to her incredulous eyes.

The boat in which Colonel Daryl and his nephew were going back to a sunset dinner in the Rajah's hospitable halls, was watched by very friendly eyes, so long as it could easily be followed from the casements of the American home. It was seen that the Indian helmets worn by both men came close together, as though the wearers held confidential communion, and the Dyak rowers plied their flashing oars with a smooth protraction of the pull that seemed sympathetic.

"And are they not all capital people?" the younger man was saying, his face a-light with the glow of the sinking sun. "You mustn't judge Dodge too soon; he's no end of good company, when you know him well, and was a prime favorite on the brig. Miss Ankeroo, too, is the most intelligent woman I ever met. You'll like the Effinghams the better the more you see of them; for they are what I call a thoroughly well-bred family. What a splendid woman the mother is—so gentle, and self-possessed, and young-looking! Did her sister resemble her much?"

No sooner was the thoughtless question out of his mouth than the youth's quick instinct reproached him for it. But his Uncle's face, if looking, to his fancy, perhaps, a little older, and even a shade graver than before the visit, indicated no particular discomposure at his words.

"Yes, the family likeness is strong. But I don't think, Edwin, that you have yet mentioned the one who chiefly attracts you."

"Why, of course, Mr. Effingham has received me with the most open-handed welcome from the first."

"That is a very poor evasion, my lad. I'm afraid you are forgetting your profession and the *Cressy* in the fascination of these new friendships. You must be getting back to your ship and duty. Beauty in a golden setting is not for you, Edwin, until you can show something more than a lieutenant's commission and pay."

The ingenuous malingering sailor boy blushed freely at this prosaic home-thrust.

"No harm is done in loving to look at a pretty girl, is there?" he half stammered. "You can't blame me much for that little weakness, when I've had so few opportunities for it in my life—can you, Uncle Will?"

"Daryl laid a caressing hand upon his shoulder and regarded him with an affectionate smile:

"Blame? God bless you, my boy! no. I, too, have lived in Arcadia."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE CROSS KNOWS BUT ONE CROWN.

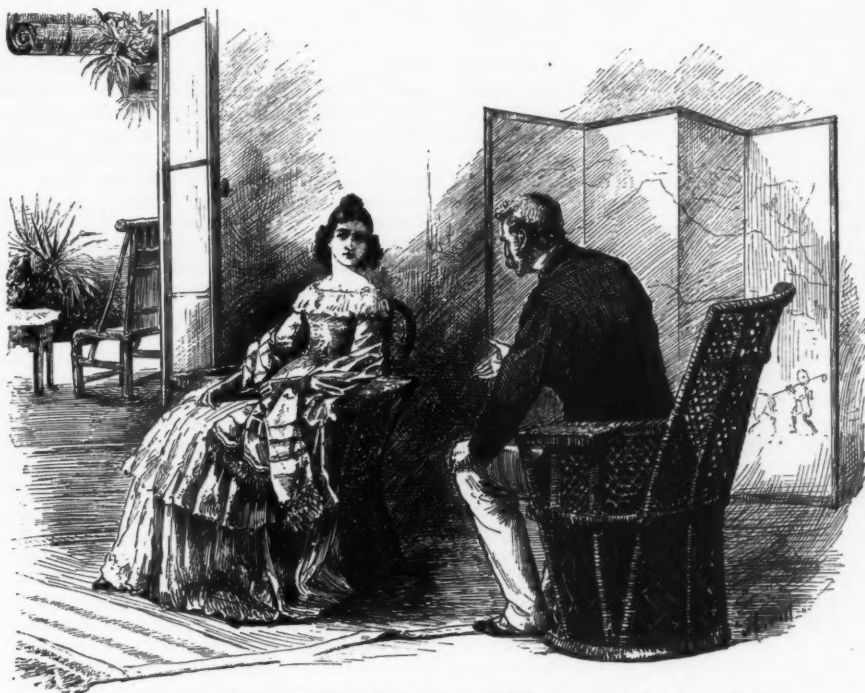
To describe one house of civilized occupation in the Sarawak of 1845 is to give the plan of all, for each was like unto the other in being quadrangular, resting upon a colonnade of palm piles, having only one spacious story, with a central main apartment surrounded by the lesser rooms and dormitories, and standing within palisades on tree-embellished hillocks, generally on the right bank of the river. Five years earlier, when the bold English master of the little *Royalist* taught the Sultan's despairing governor or bandhara, Muda Hassim, how to clear his territory of rapacious enemies, the houses of this prince and his brother pangerans formed the whole presentable body of the town of Kuchin; the Malay, Dyak and Chinese campongs being mere water-side lines of petty huts. Mr. Dodge, viewing the prospect from the deck of an antimony schooner before this aspect had been improved, declared that it reminded him of a "jumble of wholesale corn-cribs, thatched with old hay and fringed with seaside styes."

But it has already been remarked that this unesthetic aggregate knew a rapid and ennobling change at the advent of Rajah Brooke. The Malay princes rejoined the court in Bruni, and such of their mansions as were in sufficient order to be retained became the abodes of the native magistracy—the Patinghi of the Dyaks, the Tumangong of the Malays, etc.—and of many of the better class of natives, now returning to a Kuchin where there was no longer either war or princely extortion.

One of the buildings erected for the new Rajah has been seen in possession of the Effinghams; houses for the Europeans of the staff, not also living there, sprang up, in improving architecture, on the high, dry grounds around it, and gradually the huts on the water were left almost wholly to sailors and fishermen. Yet in all this regeneracy of local habitations the indigenous spirit of precarious tenure retained its traditional expression. The homes of the new-comers might have floors and partitions of plank, instead of bamboo and matting, and might even rest on iron-wood piles, but they were calculated to last only two or three years. Within that period the storms of the wet monsoon would make havoc

ness without. The officers and general guests of the household were withdrawn to their respective quarters or dispersed elsewhere; and now the Rajah led his one remaining companion to his library, where, taking chairs near a silk-curtained window looking out upon dim forest foliage and drawing in the sweet odor of tropical flowers, the two men lighted cigars and relaxed for sociable colloquy.

A sultry glow, retained yet by vast convolutions of showery clouds in the western sky, gave enough interior illumination to show well-stored bookcase, arms formed into trophies against the walls, cabinet of native mammalian and ornithological specimens, desk, table, guitar,



"I HAVE NOTHING, NOTHING TO FORGIVE—EXCEPT THAT SHE DID NOT LIVE."

of the palm-leaf "ataps" at least, and to repair would scarcely be more economical than to reconstruct altogether. In a country where the ruler's head-servitor, Peter, enjoyed only five pounds a month, labor of all grades was phenomenally cheap, and the cost of constructing a new residence insignificant. Thus in less than six years the English Rajah himself had three different houses, and what has been seen of the one occupied by our American family needs only some enlargement to represent that to which attention is now invited.

It was an hour after the sunset meal, there, in the same great room that had served during the day as court and hall of judgment. The usual evening throng of simple-hearted popular worshippers at the unostentatious shrine of their Tuan Besar had glided in, to touch his hand with loyal reverence, sit thereafter for half an hour upon the floor near the doorway, watching, as they chewed their betel and areca, his every look and movement, and then as mutely disappeared in the dark-

matted floor, ship's divan, and, most light-catching of all, over the primitive open clay fireplace with chimney of ship's funnel, an oil painting of an elderly lady of sweetly gracious presence.

Through the smoke curling from his lips the Rajah's friend eyed this picture for some moments in silence, and then made it the occasion of his first remark:

"That picture of your mother grows upon me, Brooke. The painter seems to me to have caught the very expression she always had when you were mentioned. I'll warrant the dear woman talked to him of you often enough in her sittings."

"Ah, most partial of parents!" responded the other in a tone scarcely less despondent than tender. "What can I ever gain here to compensate me for never hearing her voice in this world again?"

"For such a loss there can be no earthly compensation, my friend. That I feel and know. Her faith in you was really beautiful for its implicit unreserve. She thought you could do everything. I shall never forget



how, when I last saw her at your old home, three years ago, during my English trip about that Chancery torment of mine, her face lighted up with fresh motherly pride as she handed me that treatise of yours against the Jesuitical 'Article 90' of the Oxford Tracts which you had sent her."

"She believed in me, Daryl, beyond any other being in the world. I honor the memory of my good father; he was a clear-headed practical man of affairs, and wished his son to lead an unsentimental, prosperous career in his own old service. But my mother was not only always indulgent to my dream of winning an independent name, but placed outspoken confidence in my capability of so doing. When I went back home from my shipwreck on the Isle of Wight, sixteen years ago, and confided to her that I believed my Indian cadetship would be lost by the delay, she told me that it was because I was born for something higher. And that she always believed. You remember how you and I were shipmates after that, on the old *Castle Huntley*, going from Calcutta to Hong Kong, and became interested together in Borneo. As you know, so well, Daryl, she entered enthusiastically into my ensuing ambition for this Island, more like a sister than an elder. And she, and my lawyer friend, Templer, and you, have been the staff, scrip and buckler of my whole best life!"

The Rajah's manner of speech was so excited with commingling ardor and filial regret, that Daryl, after leaning forward a moment to clasp his hand, thought it kind to divert the strain of thought.

"I have often wondered," he resumed, musingly, "whether you ever felt any particular literary ambition?"

"What put that into your head?"

"Why, you remember the newspaper we conducted amongst ourselves on the *Huntley*, and your liberal contributions to it."

A pleasant laugh greeted this youthful reminiscence.

"I do, indeed, old friend. And those same contributions were ultimately the beneficent means of bringing me to my sober senses about my literary genius. You recollect how I signed them?"—with another laugh.

"It was 'Cholera Morbus,' wasn't it?"—and they laughed together.

"Well, no man who could tolerate such a clumsy *nom de plume* as that, was ever born to cut a figure as an imaginative writer. In my later years, when I had become acute enough to see all that such a thing meant, that specimen of what I thought happily humorous in my poetic days, recurred to me as a wet blanket for every future literary aspiration. The stupidest of born-scribes would have been more felicitous of invention than that, in his very cradle."

"I admit your logic," assented the Colonel, with a pensive puff; "and now it will be only fair for you to remind me of that 'Tragedy' you encouraged me to put into manuscript while we were coming around the Cape in the *Royalist*."

"Upon my word, Daryl," laughed his friend, again, "you are magnanimous to recall that! What a 'grand, gloomy and peculiar' Manfred of a fellow you were, occasionally, in those days. Almost as ungracious as poor Hedland."

"And have not gotten over it yet," was the answer, given with a heavy inspiration. "I think you and Hedland are really the only men in the world with whom I ever have the slightest disposition to show myself a social being. What a thousand pities it is that Larry cannot be fair-minded to you."

The Rajah waved his cigar in an impulse expressive of helplessness on that point:

"He was perversely intractable from the first hour of our actual association in a common undertaking. In that whole long voyage, when was he ever once in thoroughly good-humor, except when we picked up those Portuguese men-of-war—*Physalia Atlantica*, I think they're called—going down with the *Calliope* and *Grecian*, from Rio? The little purple-and-pink bladders made him as pleased as a child with a toy. No more men of science for me, again! At Singapore he dropped us as unceremoniously as though we had been no more to each other than barely endured accidental associates of an ordinary sea-voyage."

"Yet he has some noble traits," suggested Daryl, musingly.

"I am sure of it. But he is plainly not the kind of man to be comfortable himself, or make others comfortable, in any close relation of mutual aim. I call him a chronic Incompatible. Who could fancy Hedland ever being married? His family must be all eccentric. There's that brother, living, a prince, amongst the wild rajahs of Lombok. Probably if the Doctor had not been so infatuated by this Mias we hear so much about, he might have been vexing the courts of Lombok before now."

Once more the friends laughed softly, in unison, at what was whimsically amusing to both.

"I must see this Oshonsee," the Colonel said. "They tell me that Larry actually carries the beast with him to Singapore and Bruni."

"Where did he find the name, Daryl? Any reminiscence, do you suppose, of my New Foundlander, Humshee, on the *Royalist*?"

"It is said that the Mias, when excited, utters sounds something like such a word."

A brief silence ensued, during which the two cigars glowed liked fixed stars in the deepening darkness.

"I think, Daryl," resumed the Rajah, "that Makota actually believed he was securing a rival Tuan Besar, for his side in politics, when he took so much trouble to procure this phenomenal animal for our crusty old friend. He was shrewd enough to see that Hedland had some pique against me, that his hobby was anything from beetle to monkey, and that it would be a great stroke of statecraft to arraign Englishman against Englishman."

"But you surely do not believe, Brooke, that Lawrence would ever lend himself to any scheme inimical to yourself amongst these wrangling heathen?" queried his friend, with some heat.

"No more than I would believe it of you," was the hearty response.

These two Britons had a stanch confidence in the loyal compatriotism of a third fellow countryman in a foreign country, sufficient in itself to stamp them as exceptional specimens of their race.

"I see you cling to your books yet," remarked Daryl, motioning with his cigar toward the bookcase, once a portion of the *Royalist's* cabin furniture.

"Yes, there they are—Lardner, and Jane Austen, and Sir Stamford Raffles, and Dickens cheek by jowl," was the cheery answer. "Do you know, although I have roared over 'Pickwick,' and am delighted with Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp in this last book of Dickens', my favorite funny character of all literature is that preposterous Mrs. Bennett, in Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice.'"

"She is certainly a very British matron, of a certain class," assented the soldier.



"I've met many such among the better style of country folks in my jaunts to old Lackington and Hillingdon. Ah! Will Daryl,"—in a tone of luxurious revery,—“what wouldn't both of us give for another sunny walk, to-morrow morning, in Water Lane, among those lovely blue veronicas! Do you remember our week's pedestrian adventure westward from Penzance, when heather, furze, crag, cliff and sea were glorious in such May sunlight as I have never seen anywhere out of old England?”

"You deserved a more cheerful companion than I was then, Brooke. How often have you been homesick since you came to Borneo?"

"Never, my dear boy, except for an hour or so, when my sister's letter came with news of our mother's death!" exclaimed the ruler of Sarawak, in tones of peculiar fervor. "My mother's God knows that my home-life was anything rather than unhappy," he went on, as intensely; "but the most delicious hour of my existence was when the *Royalist* passed up Prince's Strait from Java Head, and anchored in Anjer roads. It was being in the gateway of my new kingdom, with the future all before my imagination in the colors of fairyland! You must remember that day in May, only six years ago, how I was a very boy in my noisy glee over everything; the lake-like, shallow Java sea; the graceful little islands; the picturesquely indented shore and superb mountains. Even the canoes instantly swarming about us, with their motley of coconuts, yams, shells, fowls, sweet potatoes, monkeys, parrots, and what not, were things of incredible charm to my englamored eyes! At last I felt that I had come finally within the magic circle of the life I had dreamed over for years. No misgivings vexed me then, as they did after you bade me good-by at Singapore, to return to Calcutta, and I sailed down the Strait to find my real Borneo. My whole feeling was that I and our little company had come upon a mission ennobling to humanity, and ought to be blest in it."

Colonel Daryl caught the fire of the glowing recollection, and replied sympathetically:

"So you have been, and will be! See what you have already made of this Kuchin here—your 'rising Carthage,' as you call it; and the whole Christian world echoes the fame of your having struck more real terror to the pirate dens of the Archipelago than the power of three strong nations had been able to excite in a hundred years before."

"I have done something, I think," rejoined Rajah Brooke; the impetus of strong feeling exhibited in his rising, and measuredly pacing from window to door in the dim room. "You would have appreciated that fight at Patusen, up the Batang-Lupar, last year, Daryl. While the boats of the *Dido* and the *Phlegathon* were engaging the forts, the marines and my faithful Dyaks, under the brave old patinghi, Ali, and Pangeran Budrudeen, charged magnificently on shore. The wild scenery of tree-hung river, spear-lit jungle, echoing mountains and encragged pirate-fortress; the noise of guns and men warring on both land and water; the flaming pirate dens; the strange dresses of Arab shereef, Malay prince and Dyak sea-wolf; the uniforms of our men, and their bayonets showing through the smoke at one side of the picture, and the masts and yards of a frigate at anchor looming spectrally at the other—it was a wonderful sight, wonderful!"

"My dear Brooke, after all, you are a soldier at heart," the Colonel pointedly observed, with professional enthusiasm.

"Don't say that, my friend," entreated the other

quickly, stopping in his walk. "Fine deeds of arms stir my admiration as a man of dramatic sensibilities, and I shall never shun the sword sanctified by duty; but if I am here in this poor Dyak land as a fighting man, coveting manual conquest, my soul should plead blood-guiltiness for the fall of the gallant Wade of the *Dido*, fearless Steward, my faithful old Dyak patinghi, Ali, and all the loyal humbler followers who have perished in our battles! But I hate this warfare, this unchristian butchery of blind heathen wretches, who only need to know that my country does indeed stand at my back, to be awed into submission to their own redemption. This is why I want England to take possession of Labuan Island, where Bruni and the whole Western coast can be kept under guardianship of a Christian flag. This is why I am anxious for the Queen to knight me—that I may have the moral aid of the naturally powerful appeal of such an investment to the respect of these Eastern worshippers of titular rank. This is why I shall glory in going up so soon with Sir Thomas Cochrane's ships to Bruni, to demand from the Sultan reparation for his dishonoring a humane British treaty."

Vivid lightning, followed by thunder long resounding among the Matang Mountains, came to their eyes and ears like a salute of great guns.

"There awakes the artillery of the Soldiers of the Cross," said Colonel Daryl with reverence.

The two friends were now ready to part for the night, after a conversation in which each had shown himself more freely to the other than either ever did to the nearest associate besides. Servants with lights came noiselessly to answer the summoning gong, and the Rajah, going first to the door of his friend's dormitory, withdrew, even unwontedly thoughtful of countenance, to his own chamber.

Arrived in that unadorned refuge of many a proud, many an unsuspected humble hour, Mr. Brooke motioned his attendants to retire, and then, abstractedly extinguishing both of the candles left upon the table, drew a chair to the window to look out at the gathering storm. Rustling in the first gust of a shower, the palms seen from the casement had a semblance of gigantic draped forms, swaying in ranks amid a gloom in which the moan of the wind sounded as though they might themselves be uttering it. No rain had fallen yet. The Rajah was drawing back the hand he had extended to test that fact when, by an instinct too quickly acting to account for itself, he wheeled his chair swiftly round to face inward.

"Tuan Besar is not alone."

The voice was almost simultaneous with a flash revealing a man in Malay dress standing only a few paces back from the window, his arms folded and his face to the Rajah.

"I know you, Makota!"

Not the slightest discomposure qualified the Englishman's tone. Within reach of his right hand was a dressing-table on which stood a case of pistols, but he made no movement to touch it.

"You do not fear me?" came the voice from the darkness; not harsh, nor of much volume, but with a certain metallic property in its rise and fall.

"I do not, Pangeran. If you intended harm to me, you could have used your kris a moment since. Now, we are face to face and in the dark."

A more politic answer could not have been given to such a questioner. It was in the true vein of Oriental diplomacy—either a compliment or a menace. The hearer might take it as a tribute to his scorn of assassination and worthiness of the frank trust leaving him

yet in the cover of night, or as a contemptuous intimation that, having lacked the hardihood to strike before discovery, he was not to be dreaded when confronted on equal terms. Makota responded as characteristically:

"The Malay's skin may be darker than the orang sirani's, but his heart is white. The grain of tin comes black from the mine, but within is a brightness more than silver."

By the lightning, now flashing nearer and more frequently, the master of the chamber could discern that his uninvited visitor had a look and bearing, fitfully as they were shown, more indicative of prompt purpose than was at all usual to his tortuous genius.

"You are not here to-night, Pangeran, to talk pantuns—poems," said the Rajah. "How came you to enter so secretly? My door is open to any man in Pulo Kalamantan."

"I would not meet Budrudeen," was the answer, in a low, harsher tone.

"The brave Pangeran is not here yet."

"I wished to see Tuan Besar alone," returned the Malay, in a hissing whisper. "From my prahu I watched until the gong called for lights. I am no stranger here."

"Three years ago your own house was upon this spot, I know, Makota, and your own conscience may tell you why it is now necessary for you to come in by a window when the night shows no stars."

"But not as an enemy, Rajah. I stood at your elbow when you put out the lights, and you saw me not. Would an enemy have spared you then?"

"Enemy, or not, you have chosen for yourself. I have been no enemy of yours, except as you elected to plot and instigate against my action on behalf of the integrity of your own sovereign. You might have been my best-esteemed friend in this island. When I first came to Sarawak, who but you and young Budrudeen were my chosen counsellors? I selected you, Pangeran, for your intelligence, your superiority to the ways of other princes around you, to lend me special help in saving the province from utter ruin. At Siniawan, when you and your associate, Subtu, were hard pressed by the rebels, I and my twelve Europeans gave you that great victory on the plain. Budrudeen and the noble young Illanaon, Si Tundo, were my aides in thus enabling you to return to Muda Hassim's presence a conqueror, and be by him exalted as such before the Sultan. And how did you repay me? Because the Sultan invested me with a rajahship not wanted by yourself, you became from thenceforth my enemy, as well as the bandhara's. You entrapped my friend, Si Tundo, to a treacherous death, while I was absent in Singapore. You sought to bribe my servant to place arsenic in my rice. You secretly prompted the Sultan of Sambas to help the Sarebas and Sakarran sea-wolves against Tuan Keppel and myself. You were the known adviser of the pirate Shereef Sahib at Patusen, and your own piratical den was burned with his, and your cannon captured by Budrudeen. And how did I punish your murders and treachery? When it was for me but to have dropped my handkerchief and a score of krisses would have drank your blood, I only banished you from Sarawak. When, after the last fight on the Sakarran, you were my prisoner, caught red-handed, I had you brought to me on the deck of the *Phlegethon*, and told you you were free!"

Sitting with his back to the fiercer-growing elemental strife outside, and his eyes fixed to catch every change revealed by the flashes upon the face confronting him

within, the Englishman went over this notorious passage of recent Borneon history with a dispassionate calmness of narrative made the more like an irrevocable utterance of the passionless Fates themselves by the accompaniment of thunder and rain.

"It is Allah's truth!" confessed the Malay, his voice rising shrilly. "I have been against you, Tuan Besar, and you have spared my life when it was in your hands. But this night I am here as your friend, your slave—I swear it by the beard of the Prophet! Trust me, and answer what I would ask: Shall you go with the ships to Bruni?"

"You know it, Pangeran."

"Will the ships stay at Point Sapo, or go up to the city?"

"They will anchor before Bruni."

A tremendous clap of thunder and blinding burst of light made the other flinch and pause before replying:

"Usop will not yield."

"Then the guns will settle it, Makota. Those English sailors must be surrendered to the ships of England, if Bruni is destroyed to secure it."

By this time the rain was falling in a vertical torrent through air unstirred by the faintest breeze; the lightning flashing incessantly to a continuous rumble of thunder. It was the culmination of one of those frequent showers of the dry monsoon in Borneo, when, after hours, perhaps, of ominous gathering, the tempest seems to melt all at once into a windless space of water and fire, and then be over as suddenly as it began. In the glare at this moment filling the bed-chamber the tawny face of the Malay prince was like a livid mask, the coal-black beard and eyebrows intensifying its pallor.

"Turn those guns upon the palace, Rajah, and the musnud of Borneo is yours!" cried Makota, involuntarily stepping forward, to be heard above the storm, his eyes glittering and white teeth showing. "What is Hamet Ali but an old woman, fit only for his harem and talking jars? What is Muda Hassim but a dotard, and Budrudeen but a boy? Think you Usop and Makota could have opposed you, Tuan Besar, if this babbling usurper of the musnud had not been ever secretly false to you? His very title of Sultan is a coinage of the foreign sirani, whom he has flattered for the sake of their gifts. Strike him down with your guns, and Makota will summon fifty Pangerans, and the shereefs, Sahib and Jaffer, with their valiant Dyaks, to make the Rajah of Sarawak the true Iang de per tuam—Lord who Rules—of Pulo Kalamantan!"

The excited speaker poured out these words with such resistless impetuosity that his amazed auditor could not restrain him until the whole perfidious proposition had been uttered. Then, however, the Rajah was upon his feet in a wrathful instant, and the gong crashed loudly at his blow.

"Out of the window with you, audacious traitor!" he ejaculated, fiercely; moving aside a pace, and pointing, in the dimming lightning-flash, to the low casement: "Traitor alike to your sovereign, your faith, and your blood—away! before those come who may be less merciful than I."

Gliding noiselessly to the open window, and resting with one knee on the sill for a moment, a shadowy turbaned form against the fainter-glimmering, hushing outer gloom; the foiled tempter had the temerity to speak once more, though there were sounds of approaching feet.

"The hand you have scorned knows how to find the kris."

"Out with you, miscreant!"

"This for your friends!" hissed the Malay, leaping forth; the lights, coming into the room at the instant, reaching no more of him than was like a second's falling star in the glint thrown back by drawn steel.

"My friends!" echoed the Rajah, as he turned to dismiss his servants again. "Ah, a vain boast, the rascal!"

By the fresh candles he sat down to re-read the last letters from his English home, and was presently lost peacefully in them, as the storm in the sweet breath of grateful flowers.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### OHONSEE AT HOME.

HALF a day's sail up the Sarāwak from Kuchin are the war-scarred ruins of the once-thriving Dyak village of Leda Tanah, where the river divides into two branches: that to right going past Siniawan and the scene of the decisive rebel defeat in 1841; while the left, skirting a pebbly sandbank formed by the junction of the two branches, runs through a dim archway of mighty trees and creepers into the mountains.

At anchor in the opening of this latter umbrageous vista was the *Wetlevreden* awaiting Mr. Effingham and his exploring party from the Simunjon region, whither they had gone, by sea or river, as happened to be immediately practicable, under the generously subsidized guidance of Pa Jenna.

Mr. Effingham, Mr. Dodge, and the Rajah's representative, Mr. Williamson, had undertaken the adventurous trip in company; the latter gentleman essaying it as preliminary to a more extended official progress appointed for later in the year; and it was upon Mr. Dodge's urgent solicitation that his chief consented to rest for awhile in the home of their Dyak pilot, on the way from the point of embarkation on the prahu to the deeper waters where the brig was to be found. Their return was by a course different from that of their advance, which had been by schooner along the coast to Sadong river, and up that stream to the Simunjon. It gave them a signal experience of the hard travel of a wild country; and when the prahu of the Dyak chief was reached on the Sarāwak branch, and the *Wetlevreden* known to be only a few miles farther on, all were glad enough at the approaching end of the journey to assent to almost any reasonable proposition. Moreover, as, by Mr. Effingham's invitation, Colonel Daryl was to have come up by the brig on his visit to Doctor Hedland, the merchant thought it friendly to take the chance of finding that gentleman, and having his society back to Kuchin.

Going down the mountain stream toward its wood-walled entrance into the main river, a stretch of rice fields, primitively trenched and embanked, was passed, and then, half way up the steep slant of a densely wooded hill, the travelers beheld the village of Pa Jenna and the Naturalist.

Not only were a series of bamboo ladders necessary for the scaling of the acclivity to the woodland foundation of this lofty hamlet, but a vertical ascent of more than thirty feet had yet to be accomplished by similar means; for the one great house, five hundred feet long, was elevated that distance into the air on a decapitated grove of iron-wood. Mr. Dodge instinctively took the lead even of the Illanaon Dyak in this arduous surmounting; with the remark that he was "inured to every climb;" and exhibited so many feats of muscular agility that his less suicidal followers exchanged notes of impatient wrath.

Arriving finally at the level of the vast human eyrie, the climber emerged upon an enormous veranda, or gallery, fully six yards in width, with stout bamboo flooring, and a fence of bamboo pickets lashed with rattan along the edge, where the tops of palms appeared; this airy platform extending unbrokenly around the whole one-housed village of nearly three hundred people. Narrow doors, or gates, opened upon it, at short intervals, from the adjoining quarters of fifty families, and at longer intervals stood benches bearing stone slabs, which were the culinary fireplaces of the community. Only by occasional variation of height in the peaked roofs of palm "ataps," as one addition after another had been made, could any particular habitation be distinguished from its neighbor, except at the centre of the row, where a taller, round structure, with conical top, broke the sky-line picturesquely. This was the head-house of the village, devoted in the upper part to the "smoked" heads won by the warriors in days prior to Sarāwak civilization, and in the lower to the sleeping accommodation of the unmarried men.

Few human figures, and those apparently decrepit old people and nearly nude children, were scattered over the long bamboo walk; for husbands and brothers were away fishing, or hunting turtles' eggs, or perhaps on trading prahus; and wives and sisters were not yet returned from their work in the rice-fields. Pa Jenna, who was the Orang-Kaya, or chief man, of this now deserted village, waited until some of the guard and sailors of their boat had brought up the nankeen cloth, gunpowder, confectionery, beads and Chinese toys, which Mr. Effingham designed leaving as presents, and then led the way to his own private quarters, near the head-house. Very readily the merchant and Mr. Williamson followed, being inclined for shade and rest, and willing to evade the attention they and their train were attracting from such villagers as were at home. Not so, however, Mr. Dodge, who, feeling "first-rate" in that rarefied air, as he expressed himself, and catching sight of an object of interest some distance off, was disposed for a brief promenade before retiring in-doors.

The object of interest was sitting in a huddled posture upon a bench of cane-work against the front of the last house of the row, and, on more particular inspection, had a European aspect, that might well have excited the curiosity of all the new-comers, if they had been disposed at the time to notice it. For more than a moment the keen-eyed gentleman from Singapore suspected that this might be the ungracious naturalist himself, purposely abstaining from recognizing visitors, whom he might be likely to view in the light of unwelcome intruders. The drooping attitude suggested advanced years, not to speak of what looked like a cane under the chin; and the outline of the costume, excepting the round, peaked hat common to the country, was that of civilized dress. Willing to conciliate the supposititious Doctor by early civility, with a view to the renewal of a certain zoological proposal, Mr. Dodge advanced cautiously to a nearer view, but went slower and slower as more of the details of the motionless form became distinct to him. Now he saw, that, while coat and trousers were undoubtedly the rusty black articles familiar to the stocks of an army of old-clothes dealers, the supposed cane was one of the sticks used by Dyak women to beat out cotton before spinning, and that an empty tobacco-pipe was held against the proper aperture in a marvelously bearded face by means of a perforated strip of palm-leaf fastened behind the head.



Soon assured that it could not be Doctor Hedland he was approaching, the curious investigator was fairly stealthy in his step at last, until almost upon the inert sitter. Then, with an actual skip, he finally confronted his puzzling object, and, stooping unceremoniously for a closer view of the face, slapped a knee resoundingly.

"Upon my word, it's the Mias himself, all in training for the show!" was Mr. Dodge's startled exclamation. "How are you, old boy?" he continued, positively dancing around the clumsy shape and sparring at it exuberantly. "How are things going, old chap? What do you say to Barnum's Museum, old—"

The salutation went no farther, for, with a celerity of transfiguration little short of magic, the seeming little old goblin of the downcast hairy face became instantly an erect and furiously jumping incarnation of chattering rage, and his stick came down upon the pugilistical disturber's unguarded shoulders with prodigious force and clatter!

"O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see!" croaked, or coughed, or pumped the infuriated creature, raining blows with irresistible rapidity upon the instinctively upraised arms of the bewildered and mechanically retreating man. The band with the pipe in it had slipped below the chin, and the astounding animal, leaping, chattering and slashing, had a frightful appearance of smoking from his shaggy neck.

"Halloa, there! Come, somebody!" called the belabored Dodge, retreating helplessly yet around the bend of the veranda as it turned the corner of the house.

A heavy tramp or shuffle sounded suddenly behind him. A sharp, authoritative "Oshonsee!" made his assailant drop the stick, spring for the bamboo fence, and cling there in complete subjection.

The victim of the assault had scarcely collected his dazed senses sufficiently to recognize Doctor Hedland in the coatless, white-trousered and slippered person of his timely rescuer, when the whole of his own party, attended, of course, by the collective aboriginal age and infancy of the village, came crowding around the corner in hurried surprise.

"Now, what is the meaning of this, sir, if you please?" demanded the owner of Oshonsee, after a stiff bow to the general circle.

"It means that you're training your Greatest of Living Curiosities down too fine," said the disheveled Mr. Dodge, tenderly fingering the shoulder on which he had caught it most severely. "I only addressed him with unassuming civility, and made a friendly pass or two at him, perhaps because I was feeling first-rate myself, when what does he do but let at me with a whoop, and I'm beaten black-and-blue."

At Hedland's first question the animal had slipped over the fence and disappeared downward. The naturalist now lost his first expression of anger in a look of keen interest.

"Did you speak to him in English?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know Malayan?"

"I've picked up enough for business. Everybody in Singapore has a smattering, you know."

"If you had used Malayan, he might not have misbehaved. And yet it is curious—curious! You did not strike him, I understand?"

"When I strike, Doctor, it's at a man—an Englishman greatly preferred," said Mr. Dodge, decidedly indignant at the implied indifference to his own injuries. "I merely cut a few cheerful sparring capers around him—he did look such a rum old customer!—and then he was at me like a Donnybrook Fair-y."

Doctor Hedland's black mane and beard, skull-cap, spectacles and florid face could present a formidable concentration of forbidding expression—as, indeed, they had done when he was first recognized; but it was observable that they all acquired a more considerably tolerant air as he listened.

"You must not take offense, sir," said he, "if my naturally absorbing interest in any novel phase of Oshonsee's behavior has made me almost forget to apologize for his rudeness to you."

"Rudeness is good," murmured the person addressed.

"Gentlemen, you will all be good enough to pardon my abruptness of manner at being aroused from a siesta in such an emergency," the Doctor continued, with a conciliatory nod to the wondering merchant and Mr. Williamson. "This animal is now the great study of my life, and almost every day develops some fresh sign of his amazing instinct. For reasons which I can only conjecture, he becomes frenzied at certain sounds. His behavior with our friend here to-day is quite a new thing. In fact, if you, gentlemen, see fit to favor me and my friend, Colonel Daryl, with a call before you leave, I shall take pleasure in explaining to you more fully what peculiar justification I believe that there is for the great scientific importance I am well known to assign to the remarkable creature you have seen."

Mr. Williamson bowed. Mr. Effingham did the same, but spoke also:

"Thank you, Dr. Hedland. But—excuse me—you mention Colonel Daryl as having arrived?"

"He came this morning, and is now in my house taking a nap."

"Then I will not disturb him until later."

The naturalist regarded him sharply as he spoke, with a new perception.

"Allow me to ask if you are not the American gentleman of Sarawak?"

Here Mr. Williamson interposed:

"Mr. Effingham, permit me to make you acquainted with Doctor Hedland."

"Didn't you hear the gentleman call me by name?" snapped the Doctor, hastily. "We have met before, I see, though I did not at first recognize you, Mr. Effingham."

This was not surprising, as the travelers wore very high top-boots, flannel blouses gathered at the waist by pistol-belts, and sun-helmets. The merchant bore but slight resemblance to his domestic self, and assured the petulant sage that his earlier lack of discernment had been quite excusable.

Pa Jenna, who had first driven the little native rabble away from the vicinity, and then listened to the conversation as gravely as though it had been comprehensible to him, now obeyed Mr. Williamson's signal to lead the way back to his house; Mr. Dodge alone tarrying to observe that the retiring man of science called the Mias up the piles and over the veranda-guard again by a low whistle, and took the animal with him into a detached building that connected with the bend of the veranda by a dizzy bridge of bamboo.

In the chief apartment of the Orang-Kaya's residence, lighted, like all its neighbors, only through the doorway and an uplifted flap in the roof, our trio of guests made themselves as comfortable as possible while their host was warming a luncheon of salt fish and coffee on the fireplace outside. Benches formed of halves of logs, slightly hollowed, were the exclusive furniture of the room, and, but for a bottle of Javanese arrak and two bottles of dry sherry, presently brought to them by a



handsome native lad, with Tuan Hedland's compliments, the interval between active incidents might have been a dull one.

"Now there you have the man, exactly," commented Mr. Williamson. "He is like a mangosteen, with all his roughness and acidity on the outside. You observed how offish and testy he was with me? That was because I am Mr. Brooke's aide and interpreter; having accepted the position he himself threw up, when he and the Rajah first came to Singapore. Yet, for all his wholly gratuitous dislike of Mr. Brooke and my humble self, he would not require much placation to invite us to become his own guests here."

"I suppose this must be 'Cape' wine he's sent us," hinted Mr. Dodge, smacking over a cup of the sherry.

The aide smiled feebly, and looked as though he did not care to commit himself in speech.

"Because, you'll observe it comes from a Hedland—'cape or headland,' as the geographers say."

"How long has the gentleman been settled here?" asked Mr. Effingham, stonily oblivious to the trivial interruption.

"I suppose about a year; ever since the Pangeran Makota procured this Mias for him," answered the Englishman, who did not half appreciate their friend's style of humor. "The beast belonged to the Malay, and is said to have come from somewhere in the wildest interior of Borneo. And it is really a strange specimen, differing greatly from any hitherto known to Europeans. This village is made up chiefly of the Sibnawan tribe of Dyaks Laut, the most intelligent of the partly reclaimed Sea-Dyaks, though their Orang-Kaya is an Ilanaon by origin, and after being liberated from slavery to Malayan captors, by the Rajah, was not finally made the loyal subject to us that he now is, until we fined him nearly two hundred pounds for taking the head of a rival chief. All Europeans are as beings of supernatural power to these simple-minded aborigines, and, for that matter, to their old Malay masters also, and Hedland is an autocrat here. He has reformed their dress and manners to a degree, given them Sunday expositions from the Scriptures, and the village now sends more rice, fruits, mats, baskets and beeswax to Kuchin than any other in the province."

Here Pa Jenna reappeared, with his fish on curious bronze plates, and the coffee in sailors' pewter cups. A form of partaking at least the latter was observed by the gentlemen, to whom thereafter came Colonel Daryl, with many polite expressions of pleasure at meeting them.

In their journey to Simunjon the explorers had climbed into several Dyak villages and encountered the shock of as many "head-houses." Nevertheless they were not repelled from visiting the chamber of horrors yet retained by the villagers of the Sarawak. As already introduced, it was a round, central structure, with a roof shaped like a Chinese hat. Looking upward from the spacious interior, ranged about with the hollowed half-log benches and couches of the bachelors of the community, the visitors could see hundreds of blackened and hideously-painted ragged balls, suspended from a network of beams by rattan cords, and swinging grimly to the breeze admitted by a series of round openings near the eaves. These were the ghastly trophies of many years' head-hunting. Some had been gained in war, but a majority came singly, the prizes of individual "hunters" to placate sweethearts, or do honor to the memory of the dead, or supply a requisite basketed appointment of one of the tribal spear-dances.

"The simple-minded Dyak certainly understands

how to get ahead in the world," remarked Mr. Dodge, his face upturned, hands in pockets, and feet very widely apart.

"Can that object ever really have served a human being as a head?" questioned Mr. Effingham, pointing to a thing shaped like a great potato, hanging where the light from the nearest opening in the wall struck fully upon it at the moment.

Mr. Williamson spoke to Pa Jenna in Malayan, and learned from him that the head in question was the last that had been taken. A young man of the village wished to propitiate the maid of his affections with the traditional offering, and as head-hunting was already under the ban of even Malay law, had much difficulty in securing his trophy. Nevertheless he succeeded, in some way, at last, and there hung the head.

"It must have belonged to a man not high in the scale of intelligence," and the merchant stared at it doubtfully through his eye-glasses.

"It certainly does not look at all human," assented the Colonel, staring curiously also. "I was in here this morning, soon after my arrival, and did not then notice the peculiarity of shape. Probably the light is on it so strongly as this, only at certain hours."

"I have seen the skull of a Panam woman," Mr. Williamson observed, "and it was almost like a cocoon. The Panams are one of the aboriginal tribes of the interior, and the Malays insist that they live in trees, and are hunted like animals by the Anga-Anga Mountain people."

"If you ever happen to meet a lady of that tribe in this life, Mr. Williamson," cried Mr. Dodge, with professional quickness, "you might casually mention to her that my friend, Mr. Barnum, would cheerfully engage her at two hundred rupees a week and expenses."

The craniological discussion closed at that point, and all went back to the veranda. Colonel Daryl took temporary leave to rejoin Doctor Hedland; not, however, without admonishing the later guests to remember their own virtual appointment with that scientist; and then the two Americans and their genial English associate moved forward to the bamboo pickets for a survey of the return of the villagers from their labors of the day.

Between the topmost fronds of palms growing close to the piles of their aerial perch, and over the sinking heads of others clustering thickly down the slope, the men had a dizzy bird's-eye view of their dwarfed prahu far below, with dots of little canoes putting into the shore all around it. There was a rising hum in the rosy sunset air, coming more syllabled to their ears every moment. From the canoes flitted figures which were quickly lost in the waterside jungle, and while the observers were watching for their reappearance farther up, a chorus of shrill laughter from the roots of the great iron-wood piles suddenly proclaimed the proximity of a throng of women, who had come around the side of the hill from the rice-fields beyond, and were tripping up the last train of ladders like a flight of domesticated doves. Presently up they all came, streaming upon the veranda at twenty different points; the women in pointed hats of plaited rattan, sleeveless jackets and bedangs, or petticoats, of gayly-striped native cloth, and curious bodices, made of strips of bamboo, bound together with fine brass wire; the men in caps made, turban-like, of elastic bark, Malay blouses, sarongs (or tartans, worn as sashes) and short trousers—and all with larger or smaller ear-rings, the parang-latok, or harvest-sword, at the waist, and a basket or bundle of some sort on head or shoulder.

Pa Jenna's authoritative interposition was necessary

to avert an immediate congestion of the picturesque human upwelling around the three strangers, whom the returning multitude discovered with much round-eyed and ejaculatory surprise. The Orang-Kaya briefly explained that these siranis were known to Tuan Hedland and under the protection of himself and his "antu;" whereupon the variegated stream flowed on again, with a resumed chorus of not unmelodious chatter and laughter, and soon all the different houses of the long row had their great roof-flaps lifted and many doors open, and fires began kindling for the day's last meal.

Later on, in the final splendid flush of the sky, before the tender pallor of twilight, the whole veranda was a bustling street, full of characteristic figures and groups. Before many doors were pairs and trios of black-eyed

tawny belles (with falls of beaded cloth on their luxuriant midnight locks now), threshing paddy or husk-rice with long clubs in wooden troughs, or, mayhap, winnowing it with primitive shovel and fan. Elsewhere sat plaiters of mats and baskets, while everywhere lounged the fishers, hunters and sailors of the day chewing the eternal betel and furtively watching the strangers.

A bringing forth of divers bamboo vessels of Tuak, or tribal home-brewed beer, by bevvies of damsels whose smiles revealed teeth dyed with the expressed sap of "sinka" wood, involved a proffer of hospitality of which only Mr. Dodge was bold enough to partake, and betokened a kinship with lower mortals for this village in the air.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CRITERIA OF SCHOOL WORK.

AN essential element in modern school education is the annual torture of examinations. This is a pinchbeck form of the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" applied to schools, for on the results of these examinations depends the question of promotion of the pupils and efficiency on the part of teachers. The percentages obtained in these examinations are taken as the indices of the pupil's intellectual growth, and of the power of the teacher to foster and promote such growth.

The highest value is thus affixed to such educational agencies as are able to formulate their results completely at the end of a single term, and the same spirit and principle reach into each day's achievement, each recitation and each single effort on the part of pupil and teacher.

The educational process thus becomes a wrestle with words and formulas that the memory may subject them to its uses for recitation and examination. The age is full of the spirit of reform, but educational reform will be an idle dream so long as reformers and critics laud the successes wrought out by pernicious methods, and, while declaiming against "cramming," adjust their eye-glasses with great complacency, and commend in the highest terms those types of perfection which can only be attained by the most persistent and deadly cramming.

So long as the teacher's professional status with directors and parents depends on the number of pupils promoted and the value of their averages, so long we may expect that young eyes, opening to a vision of the world and life's possibilities, will be blinded by the dust of words; so long the vitality of the future will be sacrificed to this moloch of folly in the school-room.

Not many days ago the author, in conversation with a gentleman quite prominent among educational reformers, was forcibly reminded of the failure made by "educators" and reformers outside of the school-room to penetrate the "true inwardness" of this problem of educational reform. This gentleman was commending in the highest terms the work of a teacher whose school he had visited: "The results were wonderful. The place was fairly alive. I never saw anything equal to the promptness, accuracy and order of that school-room. Not a second was lost, and the questions were

answered with a promptness and correctness that was almost equal to inspiration." Inspiration, indeed!

One could smile at this but for the sad reflections which it suggests. This veneer of words and drill mistaken by the most intelligent for genuine mental growth; these roses deftly tied by the teacher on life's expanding branches, admired as the unfolding bloom of the tree itself; the hopelessness of any moral or substantial support of the soil-stirrer or the seed-planter, who has nothing but brown furrows to show when the visitor and inspector comes upon him in the midst of spring seeding, and condemns his work for its barrenness of harvest fruit.

To possess knowledge as a basis of action, as power in bond, is one thing; while to be able to chant promptly and accurately the formulas of knowledge, is quite a different accomplishment; the one being informed reason, the other charged memory.

How easy it is for the teacher to lop off fruit-laden branches from the tree of knowledge, and, by sharpening the ends, thrust them down with pressure into soil in which they have no root. They will be green for a time, and the examiners on the outside of the fence exclaim with satisfaction: "There is a good teacher; the field speaks for itself; see the growth, see the fruit!" So long as such criteria of school work prevail we may expect to find, not orchards in the future, but dead brush, the dried-up formulas of knowledge which grew elsewhere, and never had a living connection with the soil on which it lies in decay.

The spirit of display in its constant effort to substitute the superficial for the real, the false for the true, nowhere works more mischief than in the school, and it is a radical mistake to foster that spirit by entering judgment on the efficiency of a school from the ability of its pupilage to rehearse formulas or execute a pretty drill in recitation or gymnastics.

The results which can be displayed in the school-room to an occasional visitor amount to very little; they indicate even less than college honors do of the merits of an education that will make its possessor strong in future years. It is the seeding-time, not the harvest. It is not the season for results. They should be regarded at best but accidental, and not adopted as

a basis of criticism. In education the tree cannot be judged by its own fruit, for the trees are yet saplings and have not reached fruit-bearing.

The tree must be judged in its futurity by the nature and character of the potencies now forming it rather than by anything that itself exhibits. Until this is more clearly recognized and criticism of the teacher's ability withdrawn from the performance of the pupil, and fixed more intelligently on the methods of the teacher, all movements for the betterment of schools will be attended with partial and unsatisfactory success. The method of preparing the soil and the quality of the seed only can be made matters of criticism at seeding-time. Education of youth is the storage of the mind with potentialities by the exaltation of innate faculties. Only by measuring the power that is lifting the weight can we judge of the force with which that weight will strike when it is released.

In starting an untried engine, while the initial pressure is generating, the business of the expert is with the methods of feeding and firing. The few intermittent turns that it may make are of little significance; only when it has started on its long career of work with life's load upon it do its indicator diagrams become of value.

We do not wish to be understood by this as stating that the teachers of public schools are held loosely to their accountability. By no means. The failures of our school system, from whatever causes, are held to react primarily on its teachers, but this accountability should be fixed in accord with the natural relationship of cause and effect. It is not consistent to blame the teachers and condemn the final results of a kind of teaching which is praised in its daily performance and made imperative by the yearly standards. It cannot be expected that all teachers are made of martyr stuff or have suicidal tendencies in their profession, or that they will adopt a true method of teaching when the true is condemned and a false method commended in the daily and yearly show. They will not cast the bread by which they live on the waters of the future. In this connection we call attention to a single point. On all sides has been heard the complaint against home work assigned to pupils by teachers. Parents and elders cordially object to doing the work at home which the teacher is paid to do in school, while physicians are positive in their denunciations of the tax placed on eyesight and general health by evening study. So far that is well enough, but when those same parents or physicians in the capacity of school examiners visit the schools, do they bestow the encouragement of their presence and enkindled interest on those teachers who do not assign home lessons, preferring to lead the mind of the pupil to the struggle with its own ignorance in the class-room? Do they sit for an hour listening with interest to the halting answers, and pleased with the vague and misshapen forms of ideas, as they slowly grow into the likeness of a more or less perfect thought in the pupil's mind?

Is the ability and ingenuity of the teacher in drawing illustrations from every available source, and shaping that thought to definiteness by every possible question, appreciated or praised? On the contrary, the visitors never congregate in those rooms. If, by chance, they enter, they leave about as soon, and with as little ceremony as they would if they were rooms in which the old furniture was stored. Those rooms are workshops; they are filled with labor, chips and unfinished material, and never have any other appearance. There is nothing in them to please the eye or delight the ear by its sym-

metrical completeness; so the inspectors move on to another room, where an orderly performance is in progress. A teacher is thumbing out of an instrument called school-room order the death march of mind, and young voices are chanting the notes learned from their text-books the evening before under parental supervision.

How dull the room seems in which minds are struggling with their ignorance, when compared with the one enlivened by these bright prodigies who rarely miss a question! The teacher is not a teacher so much as a director, so with questions the time is struck with precision and the class performs beautifully. The pupils are not held responsible for any questions "not in the lesson," so, of course, none such are ever asked. With many congratulations the visitors take their leave and continue to object to lessons assigned for them to teach at home!

Teachers are so closely amenable to school authorities and public sentiment, and their work lies so near domestic and social life by their direct intercourse with children, the chief object of home solicitude, that their duties are discharged daily with as strict conformity to the criticism under which they rest as the possibilities of the case will permit. So sensitive are teachers on this point that many a teacher trembles and turns pale when a visitor is announced, fearing that something may occur during the visit that will not meet with the critic's approval.

This strict conformity of the teacher to opinion and nervous fidelity to the set standard, primarily fixes the responsibility of failure in the grand results, not on an inferior teacher, for the child passes through many hands in his career; not on meagre facilities, they might be better in some cases, but for the most part they are very good; not on small salaries paid to teachers, for in that, as in everything else, the price is fixed by the inexorable law of supply and demand. The cause is to be found, if anywhere, in the standard itself—in the faulty and inconsistent criteria by which a teacher's success is judged.

A true critic, when he enters the school-room, will desire to hear the teaching, not the recitation. The comprehensiveness of information, the accuracy of statement, the genius and force of illustration there displayed, the taste with which the elements of the theme are selected, and the earnestness by which the whole is kindled into life, alone determine for him the success of that room and everything in it. The pupils may not make the best display when judged by the readiness or literal correctness with which they are able to express themselves in speech or on paper. Pupils, under such teaching, do not thus distinguish themselves, and cannot, for that is not primarily the end sought in the teacher's effort. The end is to expand their intelligence and interfuse their growing minds with the best thought and the best thinking. Principles are taught, not inky copies of their molten images in type metal. Wherever possible, pupils will be required to formulate their ideas as best they can, and a higher value is placed on the imperfect and erroneous statements which they evolve from their own understanding than on the precise exactness of book or dictation, which is returned undigested and unassimilated in answer to set questions. The teacher is surrounded by incompleted forms and mental crudities; it is the material to be worked, and worked in such manner that out of it shall be educed as perfect mental growth as can be genuinely evolved from such conditions of mental life.



Would such a teacher receive approval or promotion under existing standards of the system? I think not, for the pupils' yearly percentages would be very low as recitations are now estimated and marked. The examination theses of the infants would be sadly barren of those concise formulas of knowledge which in their production are the crown of the greatest minds and the reward of prolonged effort of the highest order, but are, nevertheless, every year displayed to admiring critics in the answers of the children.

That there can be a school system without some law to govern the pupils' advancement to successive grades no one believes; that promotion should be offered as a mark for ambition and stimulus to effort on the part of pupils and teachers is unquestionable; but we are of those who believe that it is entirely possible and practicable to bestow the awards of progress on real growth, and that if such growth is conscientiously sought and truly encouraged by appropriate methods the means of estimating it will not be wanting. Human energies naturally work toward the end to be accomplished, and if in the educational process growth is required, growth will be attained; if, instead of that, the tokens of knowledge are exacted and accepted on periodic trials, the

energies of schools will be directed only to the acquisition of such tokens, and the examination will measure, instead of actual attainments, a ghostly spectre of knowledge conjured from the unformed void of the child's mind in the shape of literal answers to carefully-conned questions. The percentage awarded is the estimated conformity of this misshapen spectre to the form of the perfect ghost. A step toward true reform will be to call the performance of teaching to judgment, rather than, as at present, the performances of the taught.

When the merit of the teacher is judged in the work done, and not from it, we may hope that the value set upon that work will appreciate proportionately with its increased value to the world; but so long as the tendency is to lead recitation-producers and examination-coachers to the thrones of the profession, all teachers of true instincts must hold themselves conformable to the system lest it crush them, and do *sub rosa* whatever honest work they can in stimulating thought; so long, moreover, we may expect the profession to be overstocked with incompetent material, for very slender attainments are quite adequate to success if supplemented by a certain degree of positiveness and system in driving words and sentences into youthful minds.

S. T. SKIDMORE.

## THE DRUM-MAJOR OF BALLYNENAGH.\*

BY THOMAS P. GILL.

How he came to be called the Drum-Major still to me remains a mystery. I have diligently inquired; I tried when I saw him first, and subsequently, when I was down there at the investigation; but no research has served to clear the thing up to my satisfaction. It was not on account of his band, for the mild-voiced Christian Brother who taught the infant-school told me he was called the Drum-Major before the people of Inside Bogs dreamed of the bands or the meetings. Nor was it because his brother was in the police—I had jumped at that wild conjecture on account of the association in my mind of the Royal Irish Constabulary with a military force—for I had learned from his mother that before her eldest son donned the uniform of the constable he used to delight in carrying him on his shoulder to the cricket-field on Sunday evenings and introducing him as "the Major" to the strapping young peasants, who used to make much of him and teach him to step with a military air as a sort of justification for his title. There may have been something in the suggestion that Father Matt, the lank curate, with the silvered hair and the smile of a boy, who had a boyish genius for high-sounding nicknames, christened him the Drum-Major, just as he had christened him his other name not very long before. But Father Matt will not vouch for this, and the suggestion, anyhow, is of questionable propriety.

His proper name was Johnny Fitten. As he was not old enough to be confirmed he had not yet added the middle cognomen to his style and title. The gold-dust of just ten summers gleamed bright upon his mop of clustering curls despite the road-dust which had a habit

of getting among them for all his mother's washings. His brow was as white and his lips were as ruby-red as Cupid's—that is, whenever the brow was not smudged with mud or the lips not stained with the juice of the succulent blackberry. His eyes were blue, with thick, turned-up lashes. But who shall fathom the mysteries of those eyes? Look at them now—say when, a truant in the lovely summer weather, he waded, like some impish offspring of "the great god Pan," knee-deep among the shallows of the Moyra, fishing for *bree-keens* with a bent pin on the end of a thread—and they twinkled at you with a droll light of mischief that forced you to laugh in spite of yourself. See him again, rattling his tin-can drum, at the head of his "Emergency Band" at a land meeting, or through the streets of Ballynenagh, barefoot, but erect, with springy step and patched cap perched jauntily on his curls; and those flashing blue eyes made you say, "this *gamin* has in him the stuff that makes the soldier." Go to the midday mass on Sunday and watch him in snowy surplice, serving with the demure, devotional, tremulous air, and he looked like a little angel, or one of Correggio's cherubs flown out of the canvas.

He was forever in trouble. The Christian Brother who taught the infant-school wrung his hands in despair whenever his name was mentioned. Father Matt was fond of calling him an incorrigible rascal, and hoping he would not be "the highest man in the crowd yet with his tongue out"—a picturesque euphuism of which Father Matt, who was a lover of forcible expressions, intended to convey that he hoped the Drum-Major would not end by being publicly hanged. His mother was never done declaring that he was the plague and anxiety of her life; but, strange to say, if you attempted to

\* This story is naked truth—a true episode of the Irish Land War—as all who read the newspapers will recognize. Nothing is changed but the names of persons and places.



chime in, even in the mildest way, with this chorus of condemnation, teacher, priest and mother changed their tone at once; they were down upon you as if you had given them mortal offense, and forthwith began to champion the young gentleman as lustily as they had been inveighing against him a moment before. It was plain that only privileged persons were permitted to abuse the Drum-Major, and that, while he was the apple of his mother's eye, with Father Matt and Brother Jerome he was the chiefest of favorites. Indeed, it was plain the Drum-Major was universally popular. People of all sorts admired him from all sorts of points of view. Some ladies stopped to look at him for his childish beauty; others were captivated by his little dashing air and sprightly merriment; but it was quite true that in the breasts of most of the fair sex of Ballynenagh he held as high a place as any sweetheart. The man who drove Durkan's bread-van to Attymass would ask no greater delight than to fetch him off beside him on the "dickey" for the day, dropping him in the evening at his mother's cabin door. The truth was the Drum-Major was a born Bohemian, of that true Bohemian stock which is only found in France or Ireland. Such a youth, at his age, I fancy, must have been our dear, delightful Tommy Moore, or that loved child of the Pays Latin, Henri Murger.

But about that "Emergency Band":

It was the era of the Land League. Among other symptoms of that great new-birth in Ireland was the universal anxiety of the awakened national spirit to express itself in music. Bands sprang up like magic everywhere. No parish had a right to hold up its head among its fellows that could not supply its band and bravely-blazoned banner to all neighboring land demonstrations. Ballynenagh had its brass band; Inside Bogs had its own, which used to meet for practice of evenings in the school-room, Father Matt presiding and Professor Flahertini, after giving his lessons to the bands of Ballynenagh and Attymass, imparting the instruction.

A time came when the bands had another duty beside attending monster meetings—the duty of attending seizures and evictions. That was after Mr. Forster's *coup-d'état* of October, 1881. The best men of the rural population were in jail as "suspects." The Orange Emergency Committee—a body of hired braves, organized by the Orange landlords to meet the situation when the people would no longer act as bum-bailiffs, and would boycott any caitiff who took land from which a tenant had been unjustly evicted—were putting forth desperate efforts to make the most of the opportunity. The events of this period were the "surprise-parties" for stock-raiding and evicting. A farmer, against whom his landlord had obtained a decree for a rack-rent, might awake before dawn some morning to find a detachment of the British army and the Royal Irish constabulary with fixed bayonets driving off all his stock into the neighboring market town. His neighbor on the next farm might be aroused at a like unearthly hour by the sheriff with his Emergency bailiffs and his escort nearly a regiment strong, to submit to eviction from his homestead there and then. The object of these strategic attacks was to avoid two things: The people generally had their scouts posted in the daytime, and sighted the enemy before he arrived on the scene of action. If a seizure were intended the stock was driven to lands upon which the seizing landlord had no lien. If it were to be an eviction, the people made a demonstration; they rang the chapel bell, sounded horns on the hills, got the whole town-land or parish together, and, if pos-

sible, brought out a band. This had the effect of inspiring the tenants about to be evicted and impressing the evictors with the advisability of agreeing to the people's terms. Or the captured stock was escorted to town, music playing in derision; and the Emergency men found it hard to find a market for their seizures. But the bands were a difficulty. It was not easy to make a muster of music on these sudden occasions. Instruments would be in band-rooms, probably at a distance; instrumentalists would be at home or at work; moreover, the police would find pleasure in seizing on and battering brass instruments whenever it was feasible.

One day Inside Bogs was startled by the usual alarm. The "sojers" had arrived to carry out evictions. The chapel bell was rung, the parish was called together, but no band was possible. The instruments had been sent to town the day before to be cleaned and repaired. Father Matt was in despair. The most pious and respected family in the parish were being turned out of house and home.

Suddenly, in the midst of their perplexity, Father Matt and the assembled might of Inside Bogs were astonished to hear what seemed to be the tootle of fifes and the rattle of drums. A solid little phalanx of bare-footed urchins, playing the lively air of "Garryowen" on tin whistles and inverted tin-cans, appeared rounding the corner of the school-house and marching at a brisk step up the breheen, where the crowd stood. Johnny Fitten, the Drum-Major, was at their head.

"Hurrah!" cried Father Matt; "this beats your brass *boomdelauns*!" The priest, it will be perceived, understood *onomatopæia*.

A ringing cheer rent the air. A way was made for Johnny and his little band. They bore down straight upon the British army and the holdings about to be taken possession of, and the parish of Inside Bogs followed them, cheering and delighted.

Thus began the "Emergency Band." Tin whistles could be bought for a penny a-piece. The Drum-Major had sixpence, which Father Matt had given him the morning he went to the "station" with him, when Andy, the chapel-clerk, was sick. He invested in half a dozen instruments. It was a bagatelle for half a dozen Irish youngsters with ears for music to master "Garryowen," which is a simple though effective tune. The remainder of the urchins, who could produce inverted gallons and tin cans, were called on to do so, and they did. A few rehearsals, under the Drum-Major's baton, made them proficient.

When that day was over, and a satisfactory settlement came to with the landlord at the tenants' terms, Father Matt cried:

"To-day this noble band of Drum-Major Johnny Fitten has become a force in national politics; we must give it a name. I have one ready-made. Let us call it the 'Emergency Band?' It came to our aid in an emergency; it helped us to defeat the Orange Emergency crew, and it is always ready for an emergency, for its members are patriots who are not yet liable to be summoned from their musical studies to undertake the duty of earning their bread; and, above all, its members can carry their instruments in their pockets, which will insure their being always at hand. This I hail as the band of the present crisis; and Drum-Major Johnny Fitten, I think, deserves an enthusiastic vote of thanks from Ireland this historic day."

A vote of thanks was passed by the Inside Bogs Branch of the Irish National Land League with acclamation.

Next week Father Matt was in Dublin consulting the central executive on a point of League discipline. In Shade's, in D'Olier street, he spotted a couple of dozen flutes and piccolos for sale at a great bargain. "The very thing for the Emergency Band," cried Father Matt, and he bought the flutes and piccolos. The number of urchins in the band was increased. Professor Flahertini was told off to give them some lessons. In a little time the music which Drum-Major Fitten's phalanx was able to make wherever it went was not to be despised, even though the priest's slender purse did not permit him to invest in drums, and the inverted tin cans still had to do duty instead.

## II

It was about eight months before the establishment of Drum-Major Fitten's Emergency Band.

The widow Fitten and her eldest son stood together in the little wooden shanty that had served them for the past three months for a home. It was a "Land League hut," one of those sent down by the popular organization whenever a tenant was evicted, and had nowhere to lay his head. The structure was as comfortable as a house built so as to be capable of being transported at a moment's notice well could be, but no more. The widow Fitten's hut was neat, if not suggestive of luxury—just like the widow herself, in her snow-white cap and clean-cut threadbare gown.

This eldest son was a tall, well-built young fellow, of about nineteen, with fair hair and blue eyes, like little Johnny's, only the seriousness of harder years had driven out the roguish twinkle, or else it had never been there. Fair, curling hair, blue eyes, and strong, lithe limbs—a boy for a mother to be proud of, as his mother certainly was, she looking up at him from the little deal chair beside the hearth, he leaning against the rickety dresser. But there was distress between them now.

"I must go, mother; my mind is made up."

"Oh, Martin, Martin! you don't mane what you say! I'd a'most sooner see us all go into the poor-house. The cross o' the Lord betune us and harm! Jine the peelers! Oh, to think your father's son should be driven to that!"

"Mother, don't talk that way, for God's sake! Sure it must be done. What else is there for it?"

"Oh, marrone, marrone, my darlin' boy, to wear a peeler's jacket! Othin, Othin, what is it but the devil's livery?—God forgive me! Sure who was it that turned us out of house and home, and stud around while the Emergency blackguards pelted out our bits o' furniture, and whin that crooked-eyed scoundrel lifted out the blessed Virgin's little althar and threw it in the ditch—who looked on thin and druv the people back? The b—— peelers, bad luck to them, the schowlawns! that you used to smoke your pipe wud along the roads. And when poor Nanny Murphy hit the brimstone villain in the eye afther he breakin' the holy statue, it was Misher Head Constable Bummidge, no less, that his son serves mass with Johnny up at the chapel, that wanted to put the dacent woman under arrest, only Father Ned stuck him to the ground wud a look—"

"But, mother—"

"Sure they're unnatural," went on the widow, the torrent of her indignation too impetuous to be stemmed. "They're not right. The red-coats wouldn't do sich dirty work—and the red-coats is Englishmen and Pradestans—and these mane craythurs the sons of Irish mothers, and reared up in the thrue religion. They're nothin' but spies and chates and informers, and it's a

mortal sacrilege to let 'em cross the flure of the holy house of God. What are they doin' all over the country but thrampin' on the people and robbin' their cattle and spyin' afther Mr. Parnell and the mimbers whenever they go to make a spache at a meetin'? Oh, Martin, sure you're not goin' off to be a peeler—maybe to be sint down here to turn out the honest neighbors?" And this last thought appeared to be the climax for Mrs. Fitten, for she broke down at it, and buried her face in her apron, and sobbed aloud, rocking to and fro on her chair.

"Mother, darlin'," said the young man, going over to her, and putting his arm round her neck, "sure there's no use in talkin'. Wouldn't it be ten times maner for me to leave you here to work your fingers to the bone to support a big, idle bonchal like me, when I can get no work and when we're turned out of our bit o' ground? Isn't it mane to be livin' on charity, too, and what else is it but charity we're getting from the Land League, and taking the bread out of poor little Johnny's mouth? Little Johnny wants to be eddicated, mother," he continued, knowing he was touching a vulnerable spot here. "I spoke of the whole thing to Father Matt. He talked like you at first, but when I told him I was only robbin' little Johnny and standin' in his way here, when I can get no honest employment, he agreed it was better for me to go. Johnnnny, he said, was a clever child, and he has such a fancy for him, he'll get him into college when he grows up. You know, mother, I'd go to America and I'd work there till I'd bring you and Johnny over, only we haven't the price of a passage; so, you see, it's the best thing to do. Besides, there is no fear of my being sent down here until afther the trouble is over. I'll have to go to the dépôt in Dublin and spend a long time there at drill; and who knows? maybe in that time I'd be able to save up enough to pay my passage!"

"But, Martin, asthore, what'll the neighbors say? We'll never be able to hould up our heads. They'll boycott us as sure as anything." And Mrs. Fitten rocked again and shook her head.

"The neighbors are too good and dacent to do anything of the kind," said the son, soothingly. "They are too fond of you and little Johnny, and respect you too much. They know that anything is more spirited than being an able-bodied idler. Besides, the neighbors needn't know anything about it for ever so long; you needn't tell them where I'm gone."

"Nothing is so disgraceful, Martin, as being a peeler; you can't get over that. No good man ever went into them but they poisoned his mind, and made him as bad as the rest."

"You're too strong and bitter against the constabulary, mother. Do you think if it was bad for me to join that Father Matt would recommend it?"

This last reflection seemed to mollify the widow Fitten somewhat.

Suddenly her son jumped up.

"Hello," he cried, "here comes little Johnny himself! Hey, Drum-Major! come here till we tell you something."

The little fellow had just ridden into the yard on the back of a neighbor's donkey, which he had found grazing along the road. The Drum-Major had a habit of pressing such cavalry into his service whenever it was feasible. His brother caught him up in his arms and planted him on his knee.

"You are not to tell any one this; it's to be a dead saycret," said his mother, who knew, when she said that, she could trust as faithfully in the Drum-Major's

silence as in Father Matt's. "Martin is goin' to jine the peelers, Johnny. What do you say to that?"

"That 'll be fine," said Johnny, simply. "You'll have a rifle an' a soord an' a revolver, an' you 'll know your drill, an' by-an'-by when the risin' comes you 'll turn round an' fight for Ireland, and be able to tache the boys, like Mike Harrigan that 's 'listed in the Rangers. Didn't I hear the whole plan up at Hanratty's forge! But trust me, I 'm as dumb as Darcy's ass that lost his tongue in the thrashin' machine." And the Drum-Major winked one eye knowingly.

Martin and his mother exchanged a curious glance, and thus it came about that the Drum-Major's big brother Martin joined the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

### III

"PARNELL is free!"

"The suspects are free!"

"The Land League has triumphed!"

"Forster is defeated!"

Such a slogan to go crashing and ringing over a land! What a storm of joy and glory it was, sweeping from sea to sea!

A country which had been held for six months under a painful and unnatural restraint, the voice of its indignation stifled, while the causes of its indignation grew and grew, was, at a single stroke, freed from the galling thralldom and bid rejoice in triumph.

Of all the popular demonstrations I ever witnessed, that one in Ireland, on that spring day and night in 1881, when the release of the member of Parliament from Kilmainham became known, was the most spontaneous and wonderful. The people literally went mad with joy. Spades were thrown down in the fields, hammers in the workshops, pens in the offices and stores. Men came out of their houses into the streets, beamed in each other's faces and embraced. Bands turned out and paraded the streets, banners flaunted from the houses, green boughs were torn off trees in the country places to decorate the roadside cottages. Ireland had given itself up to jubilation. It was amazing that a deluge of rain was not called down from the clouds by the cheering of men and the blare of brazen instruments which went up from every corner of the island within the four seas. The night was more wonderful than the day with its strange and spontaneous illuminations. It is a phenomenon, an Irish popular illumination. Every window in every house and cottage in every town and country-side blazed with its rows on rows of candles. Even non-sympathizers illuminated on this occasion—some because they were caught with the popular contagion, some because they felt it to be wise policy. Bonfires flamed on every hill-top and at every cross-roads. The streets of the towns were so lightsome you could read a newspaper in the middle of the roadways. You could travel on horseback in any part of the country by the light of the illuminations at midnight as easily as at midday.

Ballynenagh was no exception; neither was Inside Bogs. The town and the little suburb fraternated and made common cause in the rejoicings. The band of Ballynenagh marched through Inside Bogs; that of Inside Bogs through Ballynenagh. Drum-Major Fitten was in his element. He and his Emergency Band were to be seen everywhere. Those little urchins, who could screw themselves between men's legs, could get along where full-grown bandsmen found themselves blocked. A crowd, however jammed, was no hindrance to them. They were quicker in movement, nimbler in evolution;

they were the Turcos of that day. Consequently you were never certain where to find them. You met them popping up in the most unexpected places. There was no mistake about it, it was a glorious day for Drum-Major Johnny Fitten; it was the happiest in all his life—in his joyous life of ten golden summers. Any one who understood what innocent happiness was would have given much to be in Johnny Fitten's place that day.

There was one class of people to whom the news of the release did not bring rejoicing. These were the tyrannous landlords and the landlords' props and hangers-on. Landlords, resident magistrates, police inspectors, scheming head constables, sheriffs, bailiffs and emergency men had all been having a high time during Mr. Forster's Reign of Terror. They constitute what is known as the "English garrison" in Ireland and after Mr. Forster's *coup-d'état* they were given full fling. It delighted them to put their heads together to plot evictions and cattle-raids and to "suspect" every man they had a grudge against and clap him without ceremony in the jail. They were enjoying quite a saturnalia of tyrannical power. The announcement of the release of Parnell and the deposition of Forster from the Chief Secretaryship was the announcement of the end of their reign. It came just as unexpectedly on them as it did on the people. They were thrown into paroxysms as powerful as the people's; but theirs were paroxysms of rage and chagrin, the people's of delight.

There was in Ballynenagh a resident magistrate who was an extreme type of this kind of despot. An effect of his sway was that more men were arrested from Ballynenagh as suspects than from any town in Ireland of the same population. He hated the people with a hate as black as hell. He was one of those whose passions are so violent that when they cannot be gratified they must be drowned or excited by drink. Major Thurrington-Dodd used to drink, especially when he was angered. On the day the news of Parnell's release reached Ballynenagh, his servant swore, subsequently, he drank a pint of whisky right off as if it were a pint of milk, and it seemed to have no more effect on him than if it had been milk.

This magistrate knew what the new policy meant; but before the formal orders for the change arrived he resolved to give this "howling rabble" a taste of his quality.

When he finished the pint of whisky he sent a telegram to the neighboring garrison town for a small detachment of police and military, stating he expected riots that evening in Ballynenagh. Then he purchased a quarter-cask of that class of bad whisky which is advertised in western Irish "sheebeens" sometimes under the title of "Kill-Tinker;" sometimes under that of "Dead Drunk for Three Ha'pence." The publican who sold it to him gave it out that Thurrington-Dodd was going to drink himself to death with vexation—news at which the people of Ballynenagh felt much difficulty in being less delighted than at the release of the suspects. But the resident magistrate deposited the cask in the ball-court at the back of his house.

The detachment of police and military, about eighty in all, arrived by an evening train. The police, Major Thurrington-Dodd was informed, were mostly new men; some of them had been brought down from Dublin but the day before.

"So much the better," soliloquized the Major; "they are strange and haven't 'made their heads.'"

Major Thurrington-Dodd insisted on bringing the troops to his own house. He entertained the officers at



a slight repast. Then he said to the men: "You fellows will need some refreshment. Come round to the ball-court and I'll stand you a drink."

He insisted on almost every man, especially of the police, taking a full glass of the "Kill-Tinker."

Thus were the troops duly primed for their work; then, with the major at their head, they sallied forth upon the rejoicing town.

Major Thurrington-Dodd's object was to get up a riot. That ought not to have been too difficult a matter, considering the prevalent excitement.

The illuminations were in full blaze. The bands, followed by torchlight processions, were in their gayest humor.

Major Thurrington-Dodd's method was simple enough. He bore down upon the main street at a point of it where two other streets intersect. The first crowd he saw approaching with a band, he ordered his men to disperse them at the point of the bayonet. This they did with gusto, prodding two or three people in the back. The crowd recovered from their first surprise, re-formed and began to advance again, the band striking up anew. Again Major Thurrington-Dodd ordered a charge, and again the people were driven back, a few bayonet stabs drawing blood. Then the major shouted in a mighty voice that he was about to read the "Riot Act," and after that, if a band played or a man advanced, he would order the troops to fire.

The Major read the Riot Act. The crowd knew what that meant, and remained silent and sullen at one end of the street, the troops at the other, a distance of about twenty yards away, with the intersecting streets between them.

It was a moment of painful strain. The people were exasperated. They had been excited before that; blood had been drawn; a couple of wounded men were fainting in the crowd. This was an interruption to their enthusiastic triumphing that boded ill.

On the other hand the police and military were excited after their fashion. The poison of Major Thurrington-Dodd's whisky was setting their brains on fire, and then they had smelt a little blood.

Presently a movement was noticed in the crowd. Some at the rear, more angered than the rest, had collected some stones, the last resort of mobs when attacked. A flight of some half-dozen of these missiles left the crowd and fell among the troops.

Just then the sound of a fife and drum band was heard coming up one of the side streets. It came nearer and nearer.

"Curse them!" shouted Major Thurrington-Dodd, with a string of horrible oaths. "They are advancing to attack us. Mind," he yelled to the crowd, "I've read the Riot Act. Now, boys," to the police and soldiers, "be ready. Here they are. If they pass the corner we'll—"

The Major's speech was interrupted by a paving-stone which struck him in the mouth, knocking two of his teeth down his throat, just as the front rank of the fife and drum band appeared, wheeling at a brisk step round the corner.

His roar was frightful to hear. With a voice like that of a wild beast he shouted to the troops:

"Ready—present—FIRE!"

Crash! A line of devilish flame leaped from the rifles of the squad of police and military. There was a strange, wild cry from the crowd.

Then for a second all was still. The troops seemed paralyzed when they beheld what they had done. The crowd seemed frozen with horror.

It was a band of children that had been fired upon!

Three little bodies lay on the road in the glare of the illumination. Two of them were seen to rise and attempt to stagger toward the sidewalk; one of them lay still.

A woman was seen to rush from the crowd to where this little body lay.

And—strange thing! one of the policemen from Major Thurrington-Dodd's command was seen, helmetless, his rifle still smoking in his hand, to rush across the open space in the same direction.

Both stood looking at the child's body.

There it was, the breast torn open by a charge of Mr. Forster's merciful buckshot, the golden curls besprent with blood, the little hands grasping the drumsticks, and a smile of joyous innocence fixed in marble upon the pallid lips. There it lay, the corpse of Johnny Fitten, the Drum-Major!

"My child!" shrieked the woman, throwing up her hands.

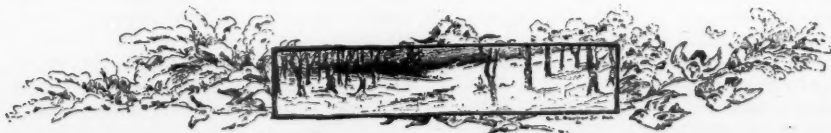
"My brother!" shouted the policeman. "I've murdered him!" Then rushing back on Major Thurrington-Dodd with his bayonet, he cried: "You monster of hell! You've made me kill my brother!" He thrust the bayonet through the Major's shoulder, but was overpowered in a second by the troops and disarmed.

All this took place in a shorter time than it takes to relate.

Then followed a scene impossible to describe. The people rushed on the squad of military before they had time to reload. The military fled, dragging with them the wounded Major Thurrington-Dodd and the captive Martin Fitten. Stoned, beaten, bloody, battered, amid a shouting, screaming and clamor as of Tophet, they somehow at last reached their barracks.

Of course, there was an investigation. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of willful murder against Major Thurrington-Dodd. But English law is a marvelously convenient institution in Ireland. It can afford to ignore the verdicts of coroners' juries, as indeed of any juries, whenever these verdicts do not suit the ends of the law-makers. Major Thurrington-Dodd was never even arrested. Martin Fitten, whose child-brother was slain, was, however. So were several members of the crowd, which Major Thurrington-Dodd tried to goad into riot. Martin Fitten was charged with insubordination and attempting to murder his superior officer; he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, a sentence which Earl Spencer, considering the circumstances of the case, mercifully commuted to seven years. The members of the crowd were charged with rioting, and were sentenced to imprisonment with penal labor for terms varying from twelve months to five years.

THOMAS P. GILL.



## THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

AN old nursery tale relates that, when two children became hopelessly entangled in a controversy as to the crying capacity of their dolls, they decided, mournfully, to "cut the poor things open" and "measure their organs." And now it appears that the long controversy concerning the relative capacities of man and woman is to be submitted to a somewhat similar test.

Dr. William A. Hammond has recently decided that the scientific and conclusive course is simply to dissect the subjects of dispute, and after the fashion of the innocent-wise babes, compare their "organs." It is a final test, and the result, as set forth in his late article, "Woman in Politics," may well startle humanity.

At the outset it puts an effectual quietus upon farther feminine effort and aspiration. It is no use for woman to struggle longer with any dreams of higher life and glory. Her brain is too small and her nerves are queer, and she can only stand helplessly before this dissecting table of science and behold for herself what a poor minimum of powers remain to her now as "pure womanly." The limitations of her nature have long been hinted to her, and now a surgeon, eminent in his line of business, has cut nature in two and taken its diameter, and verily the dimensions are all short in her case.

It is true, that she has heard before of the brain of Cuvier, and, also, that some less noted brains in criminals, dullards, and various lower animals, have exceeded its fine "specific gravity," while many grand and gifted ones have fallen far "short" of it.

But Dr. Hammond knows that in general, "the size and weight of an individual's brain are in direct relation to his mental capacity," and from that there is no appeal.

Besides, the quality is all wrong with her, too. It is settled what color pure intellect assumes, and hers lacks the gray. It is weak and whitish. Also, the convolutions are insignificant, and the "sulci" shallow. The whole thing indicates emotion rather than intellect; and though emotion may make a good wife—will no doubt be required by one—yet it cannot equip a naval commander.

Furthermore, the female brain is "imitative, not creative," though here, indeed, the logician deserts somewhat his special *a priori* position. Not knowing, probably, what exact colors and convolutions creative faculty takes on in human brains, the only recourse is to return after the *a posteriori* form to the old charge that woman "has never invented anything" worth speaking of, hence cannot. It does not matter that able writers have been setting forth for the last half century the pressure of causes and conditions that lead up to inventive genius in man and the lack of it in woman, or that many clear thinkers have demolished this whole last line of argument. That the deficiency has existed at all is in itself sufficient to show how "like the dull quadrumana" woman has been made.

Then she has "intuitions," jumps at conclusions, etc. And though it seems a little singular for an advocate of originality to dwell upon this now, yet everything is so old that it may be difficult for even a United States surgeon to originate anything, unless, perhaps, in the line of the Garfield dispatches; and, besides, the case is entirely to his point so long as he does not note that

woman has in any way outgrown her intuitions or been educated beyond them. It is indisputable that she has had them. And now, though all this is dark enough for her, yet the worst is still to come. It appears that there is a "peculiar neurotic condition ingrafted on the organization of woman" which unfits her for—well, it seems fair to say, everything.

The learned doctor does not tell us just where in his anatomical research he comes upon this network of excitable nerves, or what form and hue they present to the eye of science, but he confidently assures us that they are common to all "females of the human species," black, white, genteel or savage, indiscriminately.

This is certainly a serious matter, liable to strike deeper than any trivial question of politics or public office. The enthusiastic lover who would consummate his bliss in matrimony, may well consider hereafter if he is equal to preserving the "equilibrium of particles" in that human "package of dynamite" which Dr. Hammond has found his lady-love to be. Also, the prospective bride may wisely ponder whether the "dynamite potentialities" of her being, which unfit her for a court of justice, can bear the long pressure of a domestic court, perchance of injustice.

If "he who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city," certainly it would seem that the woman who could keep in hand all that sulphuric force which science beholds in her must be greater than any ruler or "commander" under the sun.

Of course, however, the gallant position of our doctor is that she cannot "keep it in hand," and that the family can better bear the explosion when it comes than the state.

It is an inadequate conclusion. Neither state nor family has any place or use for a being of such nitroglycerine potentialities, and the wisest thing for her brother man to do is to omit the family, and provide himself with some fortified garrison, where he may be entirely safe from that explosive "power" whose "precise limits it is impossible to predict."

There is no question that Dr. Hammond's argument, if correct in its premises, proves woman unfit for office, but if it leaves her fit for anything else under a civilized sky it is more than the ordinary mind can discover.

It is utmost imbecility to talk of that being making a good wife, good mother, or safe member of society, to whom, as his corollary sets forth, "justice is an impossibility," "the question of right and wrong a secondary consideration." She "will sacrifice all ideas of duty to the demands of affection," and "punish with merciless severity the innocent creature who has simply rendered himself unpleasant to her."

It is the privilege of all men to object to the so-called "franchise" for women; and in this many good women will agree with them. But is there interest enough in the whole matter to warrant the impeaching of every quality of fairness, calmness, goodness, justice and truth in all womankind, for the sake of its overthrow?

To unprejudiced observers it has long appeared that the matter was one which might safely be trusted to adjust itself. If contrary to the nature of things, as so persistently assumed, it would seem that nature could maintain her own without so reckless a waste of human artillery. And if some forced irregularity of nature

should press woman into political life and office, still her constituents would have the old privilege of removing the unjust ruler or incompetent legislator from their halls of state. If even the soft influence of "a tear" or "a look" should for a time have weight in judicial decisions, it would not permanently upset the forces of the universe, or defeat the ends of justice more seriously, perhaps, than certain more sordid influences and considerations that have heretofore told upon them. It is strange that in that "one territory" which Dr. Hammond allows has brought the question of woman's judicial powers to a test, no alarming evil appears to have been done, and all reports on the subject are singularly harmonious and commendatory.

It must be that nature is asleep there, and needs a surgeon's knife to arouse her to a sense of her condition. At all events, the question of female suffrage hardly seems to warrant the immense importance that is often attached to it; and it is certainly of less consequence that woman should be proven competent for office, than that she should be adjudged worse than incompetent for anything. And this is the point of issue with the late surgical method. It is not that the operator cuts down the female judge, for which one might care little; but that he slaughters, in doing it, all rational womanhood, for which one must care more.

And, farther still, that which makes this attack worth noticing, where otherwise it might not be, is, that he is not alone in this ungloved treatment of the case. It is singular enough, but few writers or speakers on this subject seem capable of treating it in anything like a dignified and dispassionate manner.

Yet, for one who has no political points to establish, and has not studied the relation of "gray cortical matter" and "neurotic conditions" to feminine possibilities and positions, it is difficult to understand why woman cannot be accredited with a few stable virtues and graces. Independent of any purpose or end to be served by it, it has really appeared that she possessed some qualities of strength, integrity and fairness not entirely at the mercy of circumstance and "emotion."

It has even seemed that "duty" was rather a controlling force with her, and a clear, firm sense of it the inconvenient thing that often made her very unpliant material in the hands of the world—nay, even in the hands of the "man she loves."

It is certain that many a time, when waves of fierce "emotion" have threatened to overwhelm truth's landmarks, it is a woman's white hand and clear eye that have directed man to the rock of safety and right, shining above the tempestuous billows.

It is certain too, alas! that, despite his "gray brain" and "judicial mind," the woman who trusts any mortal man to guide her truthward against the wild currents of his own surging "emotions" will sink in the remorseless tide. Yet these things are trifles, no doubt, not fit to weigh in questions of strength, against the evidence of convoluted brains and nerve tissue.

It is hardly for one of the condemned and unscientific to determine what degree of wisdom or truth is comprehended in Dr. Hammond's flattering diagnosis of woman's difficult case; and it is not within the province of this article to touch upon other than the general bearing or significance of it.

But, perhaps, some one, whose brain is of the right color and proportions, will graciously tell her if it is really so bad with her as represented, and if the Creator, who "made man upright," has made woman "irregular," "illogical," "inharmonious;" a creature incapable, from her very organization, of any "exact sense" of "justice, right or reason." And if so, what respectable end can remain for her to serve in the proud scheme of creation?

Then, possibly, later, some reflective mind may suggest to the opponent of female suffrage some manner of dealing with his subject that savors less of the customs of the Feejee Islander, who knocks down the woman of his preference and belabors her past all grace and comeliness that he may afterward pick up the disfigured wreck to play the part of the "respected wife and mother" in his home.

IRENE A. SAFFORD.

## AN OLD PICTURE.

ON History's page, where the pencil of Time  
Hath graven its scenes from every clime,  
Like a cameo pure, chiseled out by the sands  
Of Scotia's bleak coast, a picture there stands,  
Uninjured by age or by storm.

'Tis the piteous scene of a martyr girl  
Bound fast to a stake, near the eddying whirl  
Of a sea that steadily, stealthily creeps,  
With pitiless greed, in its hungry deeps,  
Entombing the fair young form.

And the face of the girl, grown stern and white,  
Evinces no thought of cravenly flight,  
But only a longing, impulsive and deep,  
To hasten the end by one outward leap,  
Beneath the wild waves to lie down.  
But calmly she stands, while the billows still rise,  
Till softly they close the uplifted eyes,  
And over the pallid, heroic young brow,

The last swelling wave sweeps tenderly now,  
And leaves there a radiant crown.

Ah! to many a heart, grown weary of strife,  
Is this frail, fettered form but a picture of life;  
And the measureless sea, with its deepening flow,  
But the slow-circling years rolling on to and fro,  
Like billows that over us creep—  
And drearily waiting the longed-for release,  
With passionate yearning for rest and for peace,  
Full oft would we, too, that dizzy leap take,  
Forever the fetters that bind us to break,  
Beneath the deep waters to sleep.

But courage, sad heart! learn bravely to wait  
The sure-coming wave, though ling'ring and late;  
And look on thy stake as a fast-anchored cross,  
To which we may cling while the rude billows toss.  
The last alone holds the bright crown.

LEE ROUSEAU.



## THE HAUNTED POOL.

BY DAVID KER.

THE sun was setting over the Ganges one bright summer evening in 1871. The day had been a hot one even for India, and it was an unspeakable relief to every one when the scorching sun began to decline at last, and the lengthening shadows of the tall palms along the river-bank told that night was at hand.

And now the Hindu inhabitants of the neighboring village, who had been lying motionless all afternoon under the shade of their reed-thatched roofs, or of the vast overarching banyan trees around them, came trooping down to the water in a body.

Instantly the whole bank of the great river—so lovely and silent all through the long, burning day—became all alive with noise and bustle. Children paddled in the broad, still pools, or chased each other in and out of the tall, feathery bamboo clump that grew along the bank. Women filled their earthen pitchers from the stream, or washed their threadbare clothes. Men began to scour their brass lotahs (drinking vessels), or to kindle fires for the cooking of their evening meals; while, a little farther down the stream, a group of young girls, wading out into the shallow water, fell to splashing each other with might and main, amid shouts of merry laughter.

To any one unaccustomed to the ways of India, it would have seemed strange enough to see, upon the wrists and ankles of nearly all the girls, and many of their mothers likewise, heavy bangles of solid silver, which any western lady might have been proud to wear. But the Hindu peasants, to whom savings-banks are utterly unknown, have no way of keeping their money safe except by carrying it about with them in this fashion—a somewhat hazardous plan, it must be owned, in a country swarming with the most expert and daring thieves in the world.

Suddenly, one of the girls, who had ventured a little farther out into the stream than the rest, disappeared under water with a piercing shriek, as if dragged down by some overpowering force. A few bubbles that rose sullenly to the surface were the only token of her fate, while her terrified companions turned and rushed back to the shore as fast as possible, screaming:

"A crocodile! a crocodile!"

Several days passed before any of the village women dared to approach the scene of this terrible mischance. At length one, bolder than the rest, ventured in again, and the others, seeing that no harm came of her daring, began to follow her example. More than a week passed without any accident, and everything was beginning to go on as usual, when, one evening, a second girl disappeared in precisely the same manner as the first.

The terror was now universal, and all the best hunters of the village set themselves with one accord to get rid of this destroying crocodile. Baits were laid, traps set, men posted along the bank with loaded guns to keep watch for the monster; but, look for him as they might, nothing was to be seen of him.

Several days later the wife of one of the villagers was washing her white wrapper on the bank of the river, when it slipped from her hands and floated slowly out into the wide, still pool formed by the bend of the stream. The woman at once waded after it, and had

just succeeded in clutching it, when she was seen by those on the bank to give a sudden start, throw her arms convulsively into the air and disappear under water just as the other two had done before.

About three days after this last catastrophe, Mr. Henry Sparks, the British Commissioner for the District of Jungleywallah, was at work in his office amid a perfect mound of papers, halting every now and then to wipe his streaming face (which, despite the enormous *punkah*, or swinging-fan, worked by his native servant outside with a cord passed through a hole in the wall, looked very much like a half-melted snowball), when he was suddenly disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried he snappishly, expecting the entrance of some Hindu farmer or peasant with a complaint as long and unintelligible as an Assyrian inscription. But at the first glimpse of the person who entered his face cleared at once.

The visitor was a tall native, with the handsome features and stately bearing of a Mahratta. His figure, nearly six feet in height, was so gaunt and sinewy that it seemed to be made of pin-wire, and his piercing black eyes looked out from beneath the folds of his white turban with the quick, keen, watchful glance of a practical hunter.

In truth, Ismail, the Mahratta, was well used to tracking other game beside deer or tigers. Over and above his occupations as scout, hunter and government courier, he was in constant request as a detective, and, for tracking down either a wild beast or a criminal, he had no equal in Bengal.

Gliding into the room as noiselessly as a shadow, he made a low salaam, and said in his own language:

"May the humblest of his servants speak to the Sahib?" (master).

There was nothing particularly humble, it must be admitted, in the speaker's bearing; on the contrary, he held himself erect, and looked the Commissioner full in the face with the air of a man who knew his own value, and had something to tell which he felt to be worth hearing; but Mr. Sparks, with whom Ismail was an old acquaintance, appeared to understand these signs perfectly, and said:

"What has Ismail to tell? I am listening."

"I have been at the village of Ramganj," answered the Mahratta, laying a slight stress upon the last word.

"Ramganj?" echoed Mr. Sparks. "Ah, to be sure; the place where that crocodile's been eating up so many people."

"Are you quite sure, Sahib?" asked the Hindu, keenly watching the effect of his words, "that it *was* a crocodile that did it?"

The Englishman started, and looked fixedly at Ismail's immovable face.

"That's how I heard the story told," rejoined he. "If it wasn't a crocodile what was it?"

"Did the Commissioner, Sahib," inquired Ismail, "ever hear of a crocodile being so nice in his eating as to devour none but women, and only such women as had plenty of silver bangles on?"

Again Mr. Sparks gave a slight start, and the sparkle

of his eye showed that he was beginning to guess the riddle, but he took care to make no interruption, seeing that Ismail wished to have the pleasure of telling the whole story himself.

"I went to the village," continued Ismail, "and talked with the people. Then I dived into the river (my lord knows that I can find my way through water as well as through thickets), and at the bottom I came upon a noosed rope.

The Commissioner nodded with the air of a man who understood the whole affair perfectly, but still he said nothing.

"The Sahib understands how it was done," proceeded the Hindu. "When any woman worth robbing went into the water, the noose tangled her feet, and the robber, hidden among the bushes on the opposite bank, dragged her down and drowned her, and then plundered the corpse at his leisure."

"I see," said Mr. Sparks. "Well, Ismail, you know there's a Government reward of a thousand rupees (\$500) for every murderer brought to justice; see what you can make of the case."

The Mahratta's black eyes flashed fire, for five hundred dollars is more to a Hindu than five thousand to a white man, and such a chance did not come to him every day. He went out without a word, but Mr. Sparks felt satisfied that there would be news of the criminal before long.

Ismail plunged at once into the surrounding jungle, and traversed it at a pace which few men could have kept up over such ground and in such a climate, till he came in sight of Ramganj, but instead of entering the village he struck down a by-path to the river, swam across, went slowly up the opposite side till he came to two bamboo-clumps close together, and groping in the water beside them, pulled up a rope.

His next move was to hunt out a big stone, upon the sharp edge of which he sawed the cord to and fro till it held only by one strand. One slash of his long, sharp knife would have done the work much quicker, but Ismail doubtless had his reasons for what he did. Then placing the stone in the shallow water with the sharp side uppermost, and the rope lying right across it, he vanished into the thicket.

An hour had passed since his disappearance, and night had already set in, when a dark figure came creeping up to the same spot, and pulled at the half-severed cord, which instantly parted in his hand.

The man started, and held up the broken ends to the light of the rising moon, but finding them rough and frayed as if by constant rubbing, and feeling the sharp-edged stone lying just underneath, he appeared satisfied that it must have been an accident, and knelt down to knot the cord together again.

So engrossed was the villain with his treacherous work that he never lifted his head to look around him, but even had he been less preoccupied he would scarcely have heard the noiseless footfall of one who had been tracking the tiger and the antelope through their native jungles ever since he was ten years old. The rogue was still quite unsuspecting of harm, when a tall, shadowy figure rose behind him as suddenly as if it had started up through the earth, and a tremendous blow from a heavy bamboo club, falling upon his bowed head like a thunderbolt, felled him senseless to the earth.

That very night the crestfallen robber was sent off to the nearest British station, escorted by a strong guard of native policemen, to be tried and executed, as he deserved, while Ismail received from the hands of the Commissioner himself, together with a warm commendation of his shrewdness, the thousand rupees which he had so well earned.

## THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

"THIS report on bees is a long one, and will cut into our time for 'Old Mortality,'" Dorothy had said at the meeting which followed the last one recorded. "Shall I read the whole, or save part for next time?"

"The whole," said Molly Cushing, promptly. "Father and I have just been reading Sir John Lubbock's experiments with bees, and now I shall like the practical side, provided your remarkable Club has really succeeded. Who is it this time?"

"Milly Hood. I think you should all care for this, if you love honey as well as I do, and have driven miles to find a hive. There ought to be some somewhere, but you wouldn't suppose a bee had ever been heard of. Here is Milly's report:

"MEDWIN, N. J., Aug. 1, 1881.

"DEAR ELEANOR: While I was away from home visiting with Aunt Keziah, the August after my berry patch was planted, father wrote me one day that a swarm of bees had taken possession of one of the cellar windows, under the east end of the wood-shed. He finished the letter with a wish that he knew how to take care of them,

as long as they seemed inclined to seek his protection, a wish which I also shared, for we had each a 'sweet tooth,' and had often talked about the delight it must be to watch the workings of bees. But at the time of writing that letter neither father nor I suspected that those same little insects would fall into my hands, metaphorically speaking, or that they would prove to become such a source of interest and industry to some members of our Busy-Body Club. My first question on getting home was about the bees, and father said they seemed to have disappeared as suddenly as they came. When he went again to look after them on finishing the letter, they had apparently stolen away as silently as the traditional Arabs, and we gave the subject no more thought. We noticed afterward that a few bees were flying about the window, inside and out, as they were able to make their way about the shrunken sash; that was all. But the next spring convinced us that these marauders had indeed taken up their quarters under the flooring, and meant to defend them with nature's own weapons. From the wood-shed we could hear their soft, ceaseless hum, and when jarred by pounding on the floor, they rushed out in a wild torrent, which convinced us they were fast increasing in

numbers, and might become a nuisance unless persuaded to seek some other quarters. So father and I 'put our heads together,' as Aunt Keziah says, and, determined to invade their premises, sought the counsel of the nearest apiarian. Accordingly, on the 10th of June, neighbor Murray and his daughter came over by appointment to entrap our peppery prizes.

"Now a word in regard to our friends. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Murray emigrated from Scotland. Having been obliged to abandon a profession which ruined his health by confining him to the house, he became a farmer, and a good deal more than a common farmer, too. His was the nursery from which my berry bushes came, and adjoining it was a large apiary, where the care and most of the work devolved upon the daughter Mary, a gentle, retiring girl, not much older than I. From her industry and success, Amy and I had already resolved that she should be the third member of our Busy-Bodies.

"Well, Mr. Murray and Mary came provided with all implements necessary to reduce the bees to subjection, and father and I were to be helpers. They had bee-hives of the 'simplicity' pattern, a smoker in which cotton rags were burned and the smoke puffed into their midst when the bees grew troublesome, a bee-knife, frames, wires and other accompaniments. Father then sawed through the flooring directly back of the window, and Mr. Murray lifted the boards, all dripping with honey, leaving a curious space exposed to view. A place four feet long by the width between two joists had been filled with honey-comb and penetrated by winding galleries. It swarmed with a host of bees, which flew up in clouds, bewildered as they were by the disturbance. Mary waved her smoker briskly and her father began his work, while mine, with his cowardly daughter, preferred to gaze on the strange scene from the doorway, though often seeking a still more distant retreat.

"It was a tough job, but Mr. Murray managed to take out a great mass of comb containing honey, eggs and brood. Mary kept the smoker by her side, and, putting on her bee-veil, quietly went to work to fasten the largest pieces of comb into frames which were expressly made for hives. The smaller pieces we threw into pans and pails as quickly as possible, for they were trickling with the richest, clearest honey, over which the bees buzzed and crawled. They filled the room, beat their heads against the windows, or became mired in their own sweetness; but still Mary worked on unfurried until she had filled enough frames with honey and brood-comb to start four hives—eight frames to each hive. All this I learned with frequent peeps and much wonder. Mamma shut herself in her room and kept the children away, so that father and I had the sport to ourselves for several hours.

"You may be sure it was a sight to witness. Mr. Murray and Mary worked rapidly but very gently, saving all the stores of the wonderful workers and trying to find the queen. It was very inspiring to see how little afraid they were, and I then formed a taste for the work which has only grown by farther experience. I learned on that day some lessons which will not soon be forgotten. One was that an apiarist must be cool, skillful and very gentle. She needs to have all her implements ready, to be sure what she wants to do, and make no jerky, uncertain movement. When I told Aunt Keziah about that day's work and of Mary's skill, that moralist observed:

"Milly, do not think those faculties are only needed in bee-keeping. You want them every moment of your life. To be masters of any pursuit we must be masters of ourselves."

"But you forget there is a perilous kind of pleasure in working with uncertain creatures like bees."

"Yes, if you only feel yourself their master, and work with the confidence that comes of understanding," she retorted.

"Well, when the frames were put in the hives, the greater portion of the bees settled back upon them, and

at night the hives were carefully carried out and set on stands south of the house, overlooking the berry-field, and their old window entrance was carefully closed. All the sweets were removed to the cellar; the bees were brushed out of doors from the window, and the floor looked as though a hard battle had been fought. Poor Mary was tired, but she bore only a few marks of bee-stings on her hands, though she had done a hard day's work.

"Mr. Murray told us these bees were hybrids, between the old black breed and the Italians, which are much superior to the natives in docility and industry. They had swarmed the preceding summer, after sending out pioneers from the parent hive, somewhere within a distance of two or three miles; these had selected ours, as the most eligible location. The old queen had been prolific, and the swarm had done unusually well, as we had taken out at least two hundred pounds of comb, honey and brood; but we were Nihilists enough to hope she had been killed in the mêlée, as she could not be found, and we wished to supplant her with a pure Italian. Mr. Murray went home that night, and returned with four pure Italian queens from his apiary, in little wire cages. Each he inserted in one of the hives for twenty-four hours before letting loose; during the interval the bees, knowing they are queenless, become accustomed to the stranger and are generally ready to receive her as their own.

"Their royal highnesses are beautiful, long, slender creatures, twice the size of the workers. The bodies are dark, velvety brown, and ringed with golden hands. They are aristocratic and shy, never flying from the hive but once, and that on a nuptial trip, until they go out with a swarm, and hiding under their subjects when taken out on a frame of comb. Have you seen the inside of a hive, my dear? If not, you shall witness a curious thing when you come to visit my apiary. These frames are but little smaller than the hive, and almost three-quarters of an inch thick; they are hung on rabbits within the 'simplicity' hive, near the top. Just clearing the bottom, they do not quite touch, so the bees can circulate between and around them.

"When the old frames are filled and a new frame is to be introduced into the hive, it has stretched across it, held in place by two wires, a curious sheet of wax called 'foundation.' It is simply a very thin sheet, stamped with the exact pattern of a cross-section of honey-comb, so the bees are saved a great deal of work, for it takes as long to make one pound of wax as it does to make twenty-five pounds of honey. On this 'foundation' the marvelous insects proceed to build their structure, filling it in with condensed sweetness as they build. When completed, they cap it over after letting it ripen by the heat of the hive. It loses its fresh, crude taste in a few weeks, and shows only the quality of the flowers from which it was gleaned. When I uncover a hive and lift out a frame it is covered with a wriggling mass of insects, through which we cannot get a glimpse of the comb. By cautious handling but few fly from the frame, and if uninjured, they seldom attempt to sting. If one is hurt he makes a peculiar noise, which excites the others, so we try to be careful to avoid that. I wear rubber gloves, sometimes, and a bee-veil always. If I wish to examine the comb I give them a few puffs from the smoker, which subdues them, and gently brush them aside with a wing, but get them back into the hive as soon as possible. They work in darkness, warmth and solitude, and are annoyed by being exposed to the light. All this I learned by degrees and in talks with Mary.

"After Mr. Murray and Mary had left us, father and I had a serious conversation.

"Milly, will you ever be able to manage these bees? I can give them only a very little of my time. If you can't they will prove to be white elephants—on a small scale."



"'Never you fear, father,' I returned, my pride piqued by the implied doubt. 'If Mary can take charge of bees, I can.'

"'Well said, my girl; go on! Whenever you need any heavy work I can spare one of the men, and I shall always be at hand to give advice; but the charge and care must be yours, not mine.'

"'Advice is very valuable,' broke in Aunt Keziah, who was present, 'when it comes from a person having five hours' experience. Never you mind, Miles, I'll help the girl. It will be hard if two women's heads are not equal to one man's.'

"'Very well; if you two will only provide me with plenty of honey and present but few bills, I will give due credit to those same heads,' laughed father. 'It's the result I'm after. I care little for the process.'

"'Think of that!' cried I, enthusiastic with the day's work. 'The wonderful instinct of bees is worth more than their honey. It is something beside their hoarded sweetness that attracts me!'

"'Very well, I will take the results of your study, my child, if you will sweeten them plentifully. I don't see why women cannot be apiarists. They are gentle, patient and watchful. I hope you two will make it go.'

"'Of course we shall,' said auntie; 'the bee journals often contain letters from skilled women apiarists, particularly from the West. One woman, who had been a great invalid, reports taking out over thirty-nine thousand pounds one fall. She had worked beside her husband all summer and had two young girls as assistants. I read it to-day in a magazine of Mr. Murray's.'

"'Is that possible, sister? Why, that is nearly two tons of honey!'

"'Yes, the name and address of the person was given, as well as those of other women having charge of many hives.'

"'Yes, papa,' I chimed in; 'and Mary told me to-day of her own work. She has had the care of more than forty swarms this year. She nailed together boxes, wired frames, fastened foundations, hived swarms, extracted honey—did everything but the heaviest work, which her father or brother assisted in.'

"'Yes,' continued Aunt Keziah; 'and the girl told me about the swarm that alighted on her hand. As they came out of the hive she caught the queen, which had one of its wings clipped, so it could not fly away. The bees follow her, you know, so they began to gather about her as a centre. Mary lifted her hand, holding it steadily while they clustered on in a mass as large as her head. She was cool enough to keep still until all had settled, then she went into the house for her mother to see the swarm before brushing them into the hive.'

"'And she is alive to tell the story?'

"'Not only alive, but she escaped without a sting.'

"'They are most remarkable little things,' emphatically said my father; 'I don't wonder you like them.'

"'From long talks with the intrepid Mary Murray, I gained directions for the management of my wonderful little busy-bodies. And let me see if I can tell you just how they work. She said this in effect:'

"'The queen is the nucleus of a hive of bees which contains, if strong, from twenty to thirty thousand members. In her prime she lays from fifteen hundred to two thousand eggs daily, each in the centre of its cell. You remember how they looked in the brood-comb—little white pin-points?'

"'Yes, they seemed neglected; they were all uncovered.'

"'They are not; they are closely watched. The heat of the hive hatches them. In three days' time you will see a bit of a worm, or larva, in place of the egg. This grows very rapidly, so that in seven more days it is large

enough to fill the cell, when its guardians cap it over and leave it to its transformation in darkness. Then undergoes another wondrous change. On the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg the inmate breaks down the cell door and steps daintily out, a beautiful little creature with soft coloring and bright bee-baby ways. And what does it do? Why, just turns about and feeds the larvæ, just as it was fed in the same condition, with half-digested larvæ food of pollen and honey. Then the young fellow goes to work and helps build the comb as perfectly as though it had been at work for a century, for a few days before gathering nectar outside.'

"'What a geometrician it is!' interrupted Aunt Keziah, 'aye, and a "yellow-breeched philosopher" too.'

"'Is this the history of all bees?' I asked.

"'No, only of the workers, which greatly outnumber the others. The drones are males, and do not have tongues long enough to extract honey from flowers; so they feed from the gathered stores in the hive. The workers keep drones merely to perpetuate their species, but they are killed on the approach of winter, or when the honey-harvest fails. These drones are much larger than the workers, resembling a large fly, and are reared in cells of corresponding size. They have no sting. An apiarist can tell by a glance at a comb for what kind of bee it is used.'

"'I have often wondered what wax was, and how the cells were made.'

"'It is generally believed that honey is simply the pure, undistilled sweetness of flowers, but wax is made by the bees, or rather it exudes from the circular rings of their bodies. They scrape it off with their feet, then take it while soft and warm and build up the comb, little by little, with the strangest regularity.'

"'Have they really measured the cells to see?'

"'Aunt Keziah here remarked: 'It is affirmed by scientists who have calculated closely that the wax-cell has just the size and shape to hold the most honey in a given space, and with the least waste of material and labor. Is not that something to make us reverence the innate intelligence of the bee? His instinct goes directly to that truth which man learns slowly through the use of his reason.'

"'Certainly, and scientists also declare that man cannot improve upon their work. Does not that excite admiration and awe for the Everlasting Intelligence which acts over and through all forms of life? Here are these tiny workmen, without tuition or experience, fixing upon the best way of storing their food and holding their young. As mathematicians they are superior to men.'

"'There is a difference in colonies,' remarked Mary. 'Almost always they make regular combs as thin as gauze; sometimes they are more coarse and clumsy. They have galleries and doors, and crawl about through all parts of the hive. Naturalists supposed until lately that each bee constructed a cell according to his own form and size, but that is not correct. Here,' said she, taking up a work from the pen of an enthusiastic observer and apiarian, 'listen to this: "The bee takes out the scale of wax, and gives it a pinch against the comb, when the building is going on. One would think he might stop a while, and put it into place—but not he; off he scampers and twists in so many directions, you might think he was not one of the working kind at all. Another follows him, sooner or later, and gives the wax a pinch, or a little scraping and burnishing with his polished mandibles; then another, and so on; and the sum total of all these maneuvers is that the comb seems almost to grow out of nothing. Yet no bee ever makes a comb himself, and no comb-building is ever done by any bee while standing in a cell; neither do the bees ever stand in rows or excavate their cells."'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MIGMA.

It is always more or less satisfactory to find out what one believes. Whether it is pleasant or otherwise depends. Here now is our esteemed contemporary, *The Woman's Journal*, intimating that we believe in unequal rights for women. At least that is what we infer from its words: "We wish THE CONTINENT believed in equal rights for women, but we cannot help liking it notwithstanding." Perhaps the perusal of "The Unkindest Cut of All," in the present number of THE CONTINENT, will lead our contemporary to modify its wish. The fact, however, that we publish Mrs. Safford's criticism does not justify the assumption that we agree with her in every particular. It may be that there are radical differences in the mental as in the physical structure of the two sexes. If so, Dr. Hammond's investigations are aimed at the ascertainment of the truth and "so far forth" are praiseworthy. His conclusions may or may not be at fault, only time and farther research can determine; but whatever result science may ultimately reach, let it be understood once for all that THE CONTINENT favors equal, nay, more—we will even go farther and say *superior* rights for women now and forever.

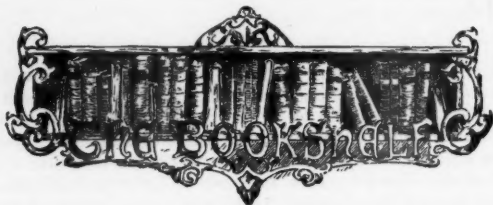
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PROFESSOR SKIDMORE's able paper on school examinations will be read with interest by all intelligent people who have the cause of education at heart. That like opinions are gaining ground in widely separated sections of the country is evident from the address of Francis W. Parker, of the Cook County Normal School, Illinois. Mr. Parker believes that examinations as generally conducted are the great bar to progress, though they may be made the greatest blessing. "What," he asks, "is the true motive of examinations? Real teaching leads to the systematic, all-sided upbuilding of a compact body of knowledge in the mind. In this upbuilding or instruction every faculty of the mind is brought into action—perception, judgment, classification, reason, imagination and memory. Examinations, then, should test the condition and progress of the mind in its development. Is the common standard of examinations a test of real teaching? The surest way to effectually kill all desire to study any subject, say history, when the pupil leaves school, is the memorizing of disconnected facts. A no less sure way of creating an intense desire to read history is to take one interesting subject and read from various books all that is said about it, and then under the guidance of a skillful teacher to put together this information, arranging events in logical order, and finally writing out in good English the whole story. Those who understand children will readily appreciate the excitement and strain under which they labor when their fate depends upon the correct answering of ten disconnected questions. It is well known to you that some of the best pupils generally do the poorest work in the confusion that attends such highly-wrought nervous states. How much better, then, it is to take the work of the pupil for the whole year, than the results of one hour, under such adverse conditions!"

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GREEK and Latin are still on trial before the people's court. President Porter of Yale College has ably spoken for the defense, and now Mr. George S. Merriam of Springfield relates his own personal experience in an address before the Alumni Association of that

city. It coincides so perfectly with what we know to be the experience of many others that we are fain to quote the substance of a few paragraphs. After estimating that fully one-third of his working time before and during college was spent on Greek, he adds: "I may say that I made a fair use of my opportunities—for I ranked, in Greek, in the first half dozen of my class. Two years after graduation I was appointed to a tutorship, and for a year and a half taught Demosthenes to the sophomores. Now, what working knowledge of Greek did I acquire through all this process? There was never a time when I could read an average half page of prose Greek without the use of a lexicon. There was never a time when I could read so simple an author as Xenophon, except slowly and toilsomely. For any purpose of familiar use, of unforced literary enjoyment, Plato and Thucydides, Homer even, and far more the great tragic poets, are and always have been sealed books to me. I can read and enjoy Plato—in Jowett's translation. I can read a little of the Greek Testament—especially when I have the English text on the opposite page. How many of you, I wonder, who listen to me—of you, who all gave in effect two of the best years of your youth to the study of Greek, have to-day, or have ever had, the ability to read the easiest Greek author at sight? For my own part I do not for an instant consider the time I spent on Greek as wasted. I am sure I owe much to its training in close application, in mental exactitude, in nicety of thought and expression. Something I owe to even that remote contact I enjoyed with the freshness of Homer, the grandeur of Æschylus, the inspiration of Plato. I acknowledge an especial debt to the instructor who taught me to appreciate the consummate blending of passion and art in the orations of Demosthenes. Not lightly would I forego all that I gained from these sources. But I have to ask, Was all this worth the cost? My years at Yale fell just at the time when American history was in the tremendous climax of the civil war. But when I was graduated, in 1864, I believe I could have passed a better examination in the history of Athens or of Rome than of my own nation. I am confident I could have given a better account of the Persian and Peloponnesian wars than of our own war of the Revolution. I could have told vastly more of the six legendary kings of Rome than of the first six governors of Plymouth or of Massachusetts Bay. I knew something about the constitution of ancient Athens, but I could not have explained the opposing theories of Jefferson and Hamilton, or defined the Wilmot proviso. From college, again, I carried away some slight rudimentary knowledge of French—by no means enough to read a French newspaper or to converse. Of German, or of any other modern language, I had no knowledge whatever. And to-day I see the boys of the coming generation going through the same process. It is Latin, Greek, Mathematics—Mathematics, Latin, Greek. No time for history; small time for French and German; no knowledge given, no aptitude trained, save through the medium of the printed page. Must it be so forever? May we not say at least thus much: If mental discipline requires that the boy or girl study mathematics for five or six years, be it so! If discipline and knowledge of the foundations of English require six or seven years of Latin, be it so! But at least let the line of obligatory study of the dead languages be drawn at Latin."



THIS is an age of criticism. Whether we like it or not we must have our share; but, if we are modest, we shall find some compensation in the thought that we are considered worthy of notice. Indeed, we may even plume ourselves upon the fact that others than ourselves have begun to praise our work, and, if we are not led by what Professor Nichol delicately mentions as patriotism to place too high a value upon what we have done, we may indulge in some self gratulation that our claims to respect are so far recognized as to make a book upon American literature a successful venture in Great Britain.

Two things we bear in mind while reading Professor Nichol's book<sup>1</sup>: first, the author's friendliness and his desire to be both generous and just; and, second, that which forces itself upon us while he himself is unconscious of its existence—the difference in point of view.

The book has its value, indeed, not as a critical analysis of American literature, but as a convincing proof of the inability of the English people to understand us. This is perhaps no more marked than the inability of one class to understand the motives and needs of another totally different one, but that it exists and increases as we become more distinctively national no one can doubt.

Taking into consideration this fact, and the further one that, however much the author may instruct us upon this point, the book, addressed to a British public, cannot fail to mislead and to give rise to many erroneous ideas, one is almost disposed to regret the kind intuitions that give weight to criticism that too often has its foundation in a misapprehension. This not unnaturally applies more to the work of the present than to that of former times. The preparation of the volume has taken twenty years, and the changes that have taken place have made necessary much alteration of the original work, an alteration plainly discernible and not always happily or adequately made.

We heartily assent to the author's host of reasons why we have not yet a literature destined to become classic—our youth, our impatience, the need of a continued struggle first as individuals, then as a Republic, later as an undivided nation. The fact that even yet a great part of our people are pioneers; that much of our life has been spent in overcoming a nature so vast that a dweller in Great Britain cannot fancy it in his wildest dreams; that the brains of the nation have been busy with practical things, and, to use his words, "have had to act their illad, and have not had time to sing it;" but we demur at his illustrations. That one, for instance, where he gravely informs his readers, after detailing several American exaggerations, in which he tells us there is a grain of truth, that "a line of rails, sometimes of *painted wood*, is laid over fifteen hundred miles with marvellous speed, but insurance companies refuse to take risks on the lives of the passengers." An "American humorist" would say Professor Nichol

was ignorant of the risks which an American insurance company will take. We have also to insist that a re-proof for a "spirit of imitation" by which our literature is "cramped" would have more weight if the author would less persistently compare us with English models, or if it were possible to forget that the English classics, of which he is so fond, are our own legitimate inheritance as well. With the persistency of a partisan, rather than a true critic, Professor Nichol has the highest praise for those in whom is found the imitation he decries; but if we unconcernedly accept his criticism that Irving assumes the style of Addison, Cooper that of Scott, and that Mr. Motley, as well as Emerson, is influenced by Carlyle, shall we remain unmoved when he declares that Longfellow is Teutonic, and that Poe's "Annabel Lee" reaches the high-water mark of American literature?

Comparison is not criticism, but the ease with which Professor Nichol deals out the one for the other provokes us to retaliate; and when he illustrates the ignorance of the slaves in the South by quoting from Calhoun—"more than half of our ignorant blacks never heard of the French Revolution"—our minds instinctively revert to the statement of the author, made in his introduction, that during the late war "it was in some quarters a European belief that the Northern States were contending with the mongrel Spaniards of South America, and that raids of Pawnee Indians from Ohio were apprehended in the Broadway of New York." It will add to the American's knowledge of the political history of his country to know that the new Republican party sprung up during Madison's Presidency, and that it is otherwise known as the Whig party, in distinction from the old Tories or Royalists; and even the most ardent supporter of Civil Service Reform may not be ready to subscribe to the statement that "office seekers have become janizaries, inspired solely by love of pelf, carried to place by chicanery," or to fancy the opposition to political corruption adequately treated by confining it to "satirists from Lowell, through Artemus Ward, to the author of 'Democracy.'" It must be granted that Professor Nichol has discussed very thoroughly the early conditions of America, but it is equally true that he is oblivious to any such growth in literature as we have made in the last quarter century, and to the farther truth that the growth is still going on. We have, most of us will allow, got nowhere in particular; but we are a long way off from the beginning, and it is in his treatment of these modern conditions that he so completely misses the American point of view. As we differentiate from European models we drift out of his grasp; as we adapt ourselves to our environment he becomes confused and fails to "fix" us in our proper places. He can no longer classify us—a fact he fails to realize—so he goes on innocently instituting his comparisons and drawing his conclusions.

In nothing has he been so unhappy as in his treatment of "humorists;" to none other than an Englishman would it have occurred to class as "literature" the writings of Major Jack Downing and P. V. Nasby, and the serious reader will gasp at his allusion to Josh Billings as a leading American humorist, whose works Mr. E. P. Hingston (who should be remembered as the author of a book upon the writings of Artemus Ward, in which the explanatory notes made with true English seriousness out-Heroded the Herod of the Showman), introduces with the statement that he at one time believed it to be the production of President Lincoln!!

What American would think of putting in the same category Mark Twain and Charles Lamb, Artemus

(1) AMERICAN LITERATURE. An Historical Sketch, 1620—1880. By John Nichol, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow, Edinburgh. (Adam and Charles Black, 1882.)



Ward and Thackeray? Even the most ardent patriotism would hardly prompt us to make a comparison of Elia and the American joke. This Professor Nichol does, calling the one a "quiet fire at which we can always warm ourselves;" and the other a "mushroom of the comic weeklies." It seems incredible that he should not see that this class of American humor is comparable only to the dreary Joe Millerisms that have served their term for so many generations of Englishmen, and with the comic weeklies that die with commendable punctuality in English railway stalls; that if "the master of this degenerate style," as he terms Mark Twain, is the representative of American prose "to the lower class of English Philistines," it is because his work has gravitated to the level for which it was written. At the risk of being accused of vanity, or as Professor Nichol says, excess of patriotism, we venture to think Irving, not Artemus Ward, should be compared with Thackeray; and that Mark Twain, in his most poignant thrusts, has preserved a good humor that is an admirable contrast to Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit.

A fact significant of the author's real ignorance of the state of American literature to-day is that he finds it necessary to warn us of the danger we are in from this species of writing. The newspaper-reading public, as distinct from the public who read and desire real literature, is a component he fails to take account of. There is nothing in his own experience that corresponds to it; he is deceived by the popularity of the work of the American "funny man" into the belief that it is a matter of serious consequence; he apparently has no conception that the public, for which the "funny man" drives his pen, has no counterpart in England. There, this class of people do not read at all—here, they make it possible for every enterprising man who starts what is known as a "live newspaper" to live. Does Professor Nichol imagine that those unique publications peculiar to America, "the magazines that owe their deserved popularity to attractive stories, travels," etc., and "the beauty of whose illustrations is apt to eclipse the text," depend upon "lovers of good literature" for their patronage, or that this mental pabulum is all that is supplied in the way of periodical publications? Has he never seen an American Review? Is it fair to call us the gravest people in the world, and take no account of the fact that we have some serious literature? Why overlook that class of writers represented by the *Princeton*, *North American* and *International* Reviews, and the fact that they are widely read, and by a class of people that do not dote merely upon the professional humorist?

Professor Nichol runs no risk of reproach for not relying upon his own judgment and setting forth his own opinions, but his persistent comparisons grow annoying. He finds Hawthorne resembling Browning; Aldrich in his "Stillwater Tragedy" like Charles Reade in "Put Yourself in His Place;" Julian Hawthorne actually rivaling Wilkie Collins on his own ground. There are American lovers of Hawthorne who will be hardly prepared to call his "Scarlet Letter" "the most profound, the boldest, the most inviting romance of our tongue in our century," and the most severe critics of Mr. Howells and Mr. James would hardly refer to them as "in some respects more successful rivals of Mr. Julian Hawthorne," nor qualify Mr. Howells as having a "picturesque touch resembling that of George Fleming, author of 'A Nile Novel.'"

The charm of Bret Harte's early stories is still unbroken, but it is left for his English admirer to style them "the indirect appeals of this Howard of unim-

prisoned convicts, worth more than a volume of glib discourse on 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin.'"

American critics fare poorly at his hands, often, to be sure, with good reason; but why Delia Bacon is signaled our most profound critic of the past twenty years remains a puzzling question. The carelessness of Professor Nichol in misspelling and miscalling names is as absurd as it is needless, no more careless nor no more absurd, however, than the curious spectacle of serious criticism of George Fleming, and the writer of the anonymous novel, "Democracy," in a work that omits all reference to the novels of A. W. Tourgée, that are as distinctively American as anything ever done. In view of such shortcomings as these, the most partial reader is forced to admit that not only better knowledge of us as a people, but more accurate knowledge of such literature as we have, should form the basis for the work of a careful critic.

M. C. R.

MR. HOWELLS has been interviewed again, and declares his "Foregone Conclusion" the best thing he has ever written. "I think," he added, "it is a little more artistic, and I am told that it enjoys a wider popularity in Europe than any other book of mine. I remember it well. It was one of my first novels. After I had completed it I rewrote the whole story before any part of it was given out for publication."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* gives a pleasant description of Tourgenieff as he appeared in a morning call, writing: "What a great, good-natured, lordly being he appeared when his servant was out and he came himself to answer the visitor's bell! He was a King Snow of northern latitudes. His palace should have been dedicated to the Saint of the Simphon and Mount St. Gothard, and he should have had St. Bernard dogs romping about him. The Viardot children nicknamed him 'Father Christmas.' But albeit massive, there was, when seen at a little distance, too much refinement in the contour of the face for the epithet quite to suit him. He was quietly cheerful and benignant, but not jolly or exuberant. The nose was long, almost straight, but not at the bridge on a line with the forehead; and at the end it slightly curved in toward the flowing white mustache. The lines of the nostrils were of sculptural beauty. Attention, sagacity, reflection and kindness were expressed in the blue eyes when he listened."

THE brilliant Queen of Roumania, who, as "Carmen Sylva," has made herself high place in literature, has lately retold the story of the Wandering Jew from a modern point of view, making Ahasuerus wander in search of proofs of the existence of God. He says: "When you can show me the God that has created all, the God who leads the sun, the God whose voice sounds in the storm, then I will pray to him. But before that I will not bow. One said he was God, and he died. You say he was God, and you killed him. I laughed when God languished and fell and bled. My God cannot be thus." Many stages of existence, many metamorphoses of being and mind, has Ahasuerus to go through before he is brought to the knowledge that God is no visible great king, but a spirit and a truth, and a working power, pervading all things, whose manifestations have been evolved and made evident through the ages in the form best suited to the peoples and the temper wherewith it dealt. Very tender as well as powerful is the scene in which he comprehends that God is the Life of the universe. He falls on his knees and cries: "My God, my God, my God! I sought Thee on the whole earth; I sought Thee in sacrifice and enunciation; in sin and in madness did I seek Thee. I have suffered all woe on earth, have drunk of all grief. Doubt was my food, darkness my day. But now my eyes

see. God is in life." And having thus spoken, the spell that bound him is broken, and he dies.

WASHINGTON having partially recovered from its flutter over Mrs. Dahlgren's absurd caricature, it is now the turn of Newport, which is presented to us in "A Newport Aquarelle," though it will undoubtedly hasten to disclaim the likeness. It need not. The one charm of the book is its local coloring. There is real atmosphere, real play of light and shade; but having said this, nothing else remains to be said. The plot was worn out long ago, the heroine is detestable, the hero barely tolerable, and a Guy Livingstone flavor pervades the whole. That the chief characters are very thinly disguised copies of well-known dwellers at Newport, may make it more interesting for the gossipers on hotel piazza or under the more elegant cottage awning, but does not affect the real value of the book. Newport has another side than the snobbish and vulgar one depicted here, though there has been bitter complaint during the present season that money has come to mean all that should be asked. There are many amusing bits of characterization, the New York opinion of Boston, and the Boston view of New York being as good examples as any.

"Don't you think that the Hub is a pretty hard place for any stranger to 'get on' in?"

"Mr. Curtis Sears was the speaker. He was a young Bostonian, with a cold, thoughtful face, who looked as if he had been fed on ice-water during his infancy, instead of the less chilly fluid provided by nature for the human young. His question was answered by the handsome, brusque lady.

"Yes, Mr. Sears, I quite agree with you. A stranger who comes to Boston for a few weeks, if he brings proper letters, is sure to receive a great deal of attention. We like a lion immensely. But with people who come to live among us it is a very different matter. Then it is not a question of an acquaintanceship of a few weeks, but a permanent one. That makes such a difference."

"One of my old classmates at college married last year, and brought his wife, who was a New York belle, to Boston. She happened to have neither relatives nor friends in our city, and as he was little given to society, he had few personal relations with it. He belonged to one of the best families, but that served the little bride in no wise. People simply let her alone. A few of the best mannered of the neighbors called upon her, and her husband's relatives asked her to dine once at their several houses, and there it stopped. She now rails against Boston, and lives but in the hope of inducing her husband to remove to New York."

"The truth of the matter is," said the pretty lady with the three-syllabled name, "that we don't want all the nice men to marry out of Boston. We all have cousins and sisters, even if our daughters are too young to think about from a matrimonial standpoint, and it is very aggravating to have these New York women just pick and choose all our best matches, while we are groaning under the overwhelming surplus of our female population."

"Those who come to Newport are a queer lot," says the New York heroine.

"We have a great many traditions about the cleverness of the Boston women, the fascinations of the men, but I confess to be greatly at a loss to account for their reputation, which I don't think is deserved. The women are not any prettier, and certainly the specimens we see here are no better informed than the average New Yorker. They have a curious, elephantine way of carrying on flirtations, which is quite peculiar to them. The men are all married and very much married; they seem to have entirely severed their relations with all womankind save their wives. The few bachelors I have met are so petted and spoiled that there is no enduring them." (12mo, pp. 250, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston.)



MOVEMENTS of the limbs have been made the subject of curious study by Dr. G. Delaunay. He holds that the direction of the lines in writing, whether from right to left, the result of a centripetal, or from left to right, the result of a centrifugal, movement of the hand, depends upon exterior conditions rather than a physiological necessity. His investigations have taught him to believe that the general direction of all movements is determined by physiological and anatomical influences. Quadrupeds, he says, as a rule, are capable only of vertical or forward and backward movements; a few of them, as the cat and monkeys, can make centripetal movements. Man is the only one who can execute centrifugal ones. The physiological evolution from vertical to lateral—first centripetal, then centrifugal—movements, is a result of an anatomical evolution that has been well described by Broca, in his work on the "Order of Primates." According to M. Delaunay movements are rather centripetal than centrifugal with primitive or inferior races—rather centrifugal than centripetal with superior races; and the change from one to the other takes place as the race advances. Formerly watches were wound from right to left—now they are wound from left to right. Some English watches are an exception, but the Americans, who Dr. Delaunay thinks are more advanced in evolution than the European English, wind their watches from left to right. As it is with watches, so with most other machinery. Writing from right to left was characteristic of the earlier nations, and is still practiced by the less advanced races, but has given way to writing from left to right as progress has been made. As between the sexes, women (we beg the pardon of Mrs. Safford, whose article is published on another page; the present paragraph is mainly quoted) are more inclined to centripetal, men to centrifugal, movements; this is seen in drawing and in the adjustment of clothing. Children are more inclined to centripetal than to centrifugal movements; they strike with their palms rather than with the backs of their hands, draw from right to left, and have a propensity to spell and write in the same direction. M. Delaunay finds in this a tendency to recur to the habits of more or less remote ancestry, to atavism—that is, the more intelligent persons, better scholars, are more ready in left to right, or centrifugal; the less intelligent, poor scholars, in right to left, or centripetal motions. Idiots are hardly capable of delivering a blow with the back of the hand, are not facile in lateral movements. In a psychological sense, centripetal gestures denote primitive, egoistic, retrograde ideas, as is seen in the attitude of the miser holding his treasure, and of the coward in the presence of danger. Centrifugal gestures express generous, expansive, altruistic, brave ideas and passions. The gesture of acclamation or applause, for example, is as elevated, as outward, as centrifugal, as possible. "Pleasure," says M. Charles Richet, "corresponds with a movement of blooming, of dilatation, of extension. In grief, on the other hand, we shrink, we withdraw upon ourselves in a general movement of flexion." Thus, in the psychological, as well as in the mechanical point of view, these researches brand centripetal motions as marks of inferior intellectual development alike in the human and in the brute creation.

THE new cruisers for the U. S. Navy are comprehensibly described by F. T. Bowles, the assistant naval constructor, in the proceedings of the Naval Institute. They are to be made of steel, in quality something like that used on railroads. The *Chicago* will have an extreme length of 334 feet, weigh 4500 tons, carry 300 men and four long 8-inch breech-loading guns in half turrets, eight 6-inch and two 5-inch guns on deck, also breech-loading, and six revolving cannon. It will have engines of 5000 horse-power, and bunkers for 940 tons of coal. It is calculated that 300 tons more can be safely stowed on the berth deck, and that the whole will suffice to steam 3000 miles at 15 knots an hour, or twice as far at a slower rate. The ship will be bark rigged with about two-thirds of the full sail-power, but the sails are not intended for much use. The coal-bunkers afford the vessel's protection. They are arranged along the sides so as to receive the shot from an enemy, and when filled will cover the machinery spaces—the vitals of the ship—with nine feet of coal. There are also to be 10 main water-tight compartments, with elaborate arrangements for manipulating and pumping. And an important peculiar feature of the vessel is that of the twin screws. The machinery is double throughout, boilers, engines and all, and put in separate compartments. The two screws make the ship much more manageable and easier to maneuver, and also permit accident without disablement; if one engine stops entirely the other will run the vessel at about three-quarters rate. The merchant service uses single engines and screws in very large steamers because they are cheaper to build and operate than the double ones, but this consideration is of but secondary importance in a war ship, and the advantages of the double plan are obvious. The *Boston* and the *Atlanta* will be alike, and may be described as smaller copies of the *Chicago*, but with single screws. Each will have a length of 283 feet and 3000 tons displacement at the water-line, carry 230 men and four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading guns. The *Dolphin* will be a dispatch boat intended specially to maintain a high speed for several days in succession. It will be 256 feet long and weigh 1500 tons, and is rated at 15 knots. It will have engines of 2300 horse-power, be schooner rigged, and carry 80 men, one 6-inch pivot breech-loader and four revolving cannon. It is to be quite narrow, with only 32 feet beam, and will of course serve to run errands or act as flag-ship rather than undertake much fighting business.

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WOOD pavements find more favor in London than in American cities. Such pavements have been in use there for at least eighteen years, as the writer hereof can personally testify, and now the system is being extended to new districts. In a measure the failure of wood pavements in this country is ascribable to the great extremes of heat and cold, but this is not all; it is partly due to hasty work on the part of contractors, or too much carelessness on the part of inspectors. In London, on the contrary, the wooden blocks are laid on a bottom of cement and gravel, and the blocks in turn are "grouted" with cement. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* writes: "In some few instances wood has the advantage of asphalt, having been adopted in larger areas. Of these Cannon Street, leading from St. Paul's Churchyard toward London Bridge, 9051 yards in extent, ranks foremost, and Bishopsgate-Without, the great eastern entrance to the city, comes next, with an area of 7955 yards; Aldersgate, 6884 yards, and St. Martin's-le-Grand, 2650 yards, where stand the General Post, the Central Telegraph, and the Parcels Post-Offices are also paved with wood. The quiet of St. Paul's Cathedral, near at hand, is assured by the same means, and also that of the streets trending westward—Ludgate Hill, the habitat of dentists and fancy goods salesmen, survivals of the nostrum sellers, whose

stalls in the older times lined the way to the neighboring shrine, whither pilgrims went, and Fleet Street, around which journalists do congregate. Safety is deemed in London the strongest point in favor of wood. The conclusions arrived at under this head are these: "That, whether considered in reference to the distance which a horse may travel before it meets with an accident, or the nature of the accident, or the facility with which a horse can recover its footing, or the speed at which it is safe to travel, or the gradient at which the material can be laid, wood is superior to asphalt." These results were obtained in the course of a series of observations undertaken by the city police. They were continued for fifty days, of twelve hours daily, in streets of large and varied traffic, and represented an aggregate distance traveled by the horses of 478,523 miles, the number on wood alone being 179,151 miles.

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A NEW river has been discovered in Alaska by a boat expedition from the U. S. Revenue Steamer *Corwin* under Ensign Storey. After proceeding twenty-three miles along the eastern shore of Hatham Inlet they reached the mouth of a stream of considerable size, which the natives said was one of the outlets of a large river. Ascending this branch in a southeasterly direction for two days, they struck the main stream, which proved to be a river fully three-fourths of a mile in width, having nowhere less than two and one-half fathoms of water, deepening at times to seven fathoms. They ascended the river to a distance of fifty miles from its mouth. The banks generally were steep and thickly timbered with birch, alder and spruce, some of the trees obtaining a height of forty feet, with twelve inches diameter at the base. Back from the river banks the undergrowth formed an impassable jungle, particularly where the banks were low. The current was strong at the bends, reaching the rate of two knots per hour. The natives reported that the river held its depth of not less than two fathoms and its width of a half mile for not less than three hundred miles beyond where Mr. Storey turned back. It was further stated by the natives that by making a small portage near the head of this river they could reach another stream flowing northward into the Polar Sea. Mr. Storey having gone as far as time permitted, retraced his course to the mouth of the main stream, which, with two other branches, forms the delta on the north side of Hatham Inlet. Everywhere the natives were kind, harmless and hospitable, many of them evidently having never seen a white man before. The heat was intense, vegetation rank and the natives scantily clad.

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THE RYE-STRAW CAR-WHEEL.—Paper wheels may be larger than the ordinary iron wheels or they may be the same size. Their surface is never corrugated nor irregular like that of the iron wheel. The paper of a paper car-wheel is nothing more nor less than ordinary brown straw board. That made wholly of rye straw is preferable. The boards are cut into disks, and holes in the centre are punched large enough to fit the iron axle shoulder that constitutes the hub of the wheel. Thus shaped, the straw boards are placed one upon another with ordinary flour paste between the layers, till a pile of them about five inches high is attained. Then they are put under a hydraulic press and squeezed together as tightly as it is practicable to compress matter of the consistency of straw board. The pressure is so great as to produce a high degree of heat in the compressed board. After being thoroughly dried, the paper wheel is turned on a lathe to fit the heavy steel tire and shell into which it is inserted to form the core of the wheel. It is held firmly in its place by an iron plate the size of the inner surface of the wheel and by bolts. In short, the paper of a paper car-wheel is simply a core or filling in a shell of steel, the outer rim or tire that runs on the track being nearly two



inches thick. The virtue of the paper consists in the fact that it gives elasticity to the wheel. The durability of a paper wheel, on account of this elasticity, is computed to be many thousands of miles greater than that of the common cast-iron wheel now in general use.

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THE Grand Cañon of the Colorado has, according to the theory of Professor Archibald Geikie, still about a thousand feet to remove from the bottom of its channel before its slope will become so slight that its erosive power will nearly cease, and that it is conceivable that, should no geological revolution occur in the region, the cañon may still be deepened to that amount. There are indications, however, that a limit may be set to the possible depth of the chasm. As in the "creep" of a coal-mine, the bottom of the cañon, relieved from the weight of the overlying column of rock, may be forced upward by the pressure of the walls on either side. In that case the channel might rise as fast as the river cut it down, so long as nothing occurred at the surface materially to diminish the height of the walls.

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RAILROAD time will shortly be regulated, the whole country having been divided by common consent into four belts, running, of course, north and south, each of which will have its own uniform standard. The whole region east of Detroit, for instance, will have but one—that of the seventy-fifth meridian, which runs a little east of Utica, N. Y. The Naval Observatory at Washington approves the change, and promises to try to have the railroad time standards adopted for local use wherever the roads run. Commodore Shufeldt will furnish the time of the seventy-fifth and ninetieth meridians to all railroads daily and have the New York time-ball dropped for the former, which is about four minutes slower than the local time.

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SHAD were introduced into California seven years ago under the auspices of the fish commissioners. They are now to be found all along the coast and are rapidly making their way northward. The "run" in the Columbia River this year was described as wonderful, and the fish were a drug in the market. In California they have not yet come into popular use, owing partly to the fact that the closed season established by law is just when they are in the rivers. The order of their running in that state is different from that in the Atlantic States. They appear in San Francisco Bay in October and leave it in May, while for other parts of the coast their run begins later as the latitude increases.

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ASTRONOMERS are now seeking to determine in which direction the great ring of the Milky Way revolves, and to discover where to look for the centre of the system and estimate its distance. The tasks are to be wrought out gradually by observing and measuring the proper motions of the stars, and composing a map by the aid of which the relations of those motions to each other and to the common centre may be determined. Mr. Jacob Ennis has published an explanatory pamphlet as to the ways and means of accomplishing the desired ends.

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EXPERIMENTS in determining the height and velocity of clouds by means of photography have been made at Kew, England, under the direction of Captain Abney. The apparatus employed consists of two similar cameras, stationed at a distance of about six hundred feet apart, and provided with instantaneous shutters, which are simultaneously released by electricity. The observer measures the angle of inclination of the cameras and the position of the cloud as photographed on the two plates, and from these data a trigonometric calculation gives the distance and height of the cloud with great accuracy.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

### Wanted—A Joke.

GIVE me a pair of scissors! Hand me the dictionary!  
Bread—bred; that's good. No, I've used that before.  
O solemn humor, how dost thou afflict me?  
My jokes look blue. This one about the Cucumber  
Is too much like the one about the apple.  
What fearful puns I made upon the fair—  
Fair, fair; "fair maids and hardly fair;" two kinds of fair.  
What can I write? A joke? I will, about a man  
Beating a carpet. No, a woman throwing a stone.  
No, no; about a man falling down stairs  
By stepping on a plug of laundry soap.  
Alas! I hate this dismal funny business.  
My memory has a thousand several jokes,  
And every joke has been told several times.  
And all the boys condemn me for my jokes  
As being, at least, accessory to their theft.  
Methought the ghost of all the various jokes  
That I had ever heard, or read, or made,  
Came to my desk, and every one did show  
A genealogical record running back,  
Without a break, four hundred thousand years,  
And every one among them wore the accursed brand  
Of the blue pencil dude.

R. J. BURDETTE, in the *Burlington Hawkeye*.

### The Princess and the Rabbi.

IN olden time—in ages long since flown,  
There lived a rabbi—one whose great renown  
For wisdom, learning and for many things,  
Made him much sought by emperors and kings.  
Yet, though his wisdom made him wondrous wise,  
His face was ugly, and his crooked eyes,  
That mated with his soiled and blackened skin,  
Gave to his countenance a horrid grin.  
One day an emperor asked him to his court,  
Where "Ugly Face" was subject to the sport  
Of lords and ladies, and amid the laughter  
None mirthed it more than did the emp'r's daughter.  
"Good rabbi, tell me," were the words she said,  
"How wisdom dwells in such an ugly head?"  
The rabbi kept his temper, though his cheek  
Paled at the insult, and, with voice so meek,  
He asked the princess did she know the bin  
Or jar in which her father kept his wine.  
"The bin I know not," quickly she replied,  
"But earthen jars have all such wares supplied."  
"In earthen jars!—Ha! ha! that's very fine—  
That's where the common people keep their wine;  
An emperor's is worthy of a greater place;  
No handsome vessel would such wine disgrace."  
So said the rabbi; the princess thought that he  
Could nothing else but full in earnest be;  
That one who many clever things oft spoke  
Would ne'er indulge in playing paltry joke;  
So to the butler she ran off in haste,  
And bid him best of all the wines to place  
In jars of gold; the butler quick obeyed  
(A princess' word must never be gainsaid),  
Took from the earthen jars the wine so old,  
And poured it in those of finest gold.  
When next the wine was to the princess brought,  
It tasted flat and stale; 'twas then she thought  
On her the rabbi some foul trick had played,  
And, finding him, she, flushed with anger, said  
"So, rabbi, do you know the wine I poured  
In golden vessels is all spoiled and soured?"  
To which the rabbi, with a touch of pride,  
And sterner accent than before, replied:  
"Then have you learned a lesson, princess mine;  
'Tis not the vessel's beauty makes the wine;  
Neither doth knowledge find a resting-place  
Behind a fair more than an ugly face."

W. L. GARDNER, in *Good Cheer*.